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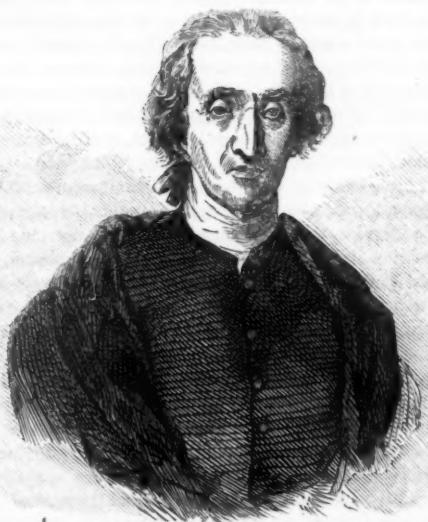
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VOL. IV.

JULY, 1856.

No. 6.

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*Charles Carroll of Carrollton*

MEMOIR OF CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.\*

THE name of Carroll is justly celebrated in the Catholic history of our country. In the annals of the Church and of the State it stands equally eminent. Indeed it may be well said, that there are but few names in American history more truly

\* Authorities: Latrobe's Biography in Sanderson's Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, vol. vii; Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll, by B. U. Campbell, in the Catholic Magazine, 1844; Lossing's Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence; McSherry's History of Maryland; Bishop Spalding's Life of Bishop Flagnet, &c.

illustrious than that of the subject of this memoir, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who was at once the obedient child of the Church and the intrepid champion of liberty.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton was the son of Charles Carroll and Elizabeth Brooks, and was born at Annapolis on the eighth of September, 1737, O. S., (twentieth of September, N. S.) His grandfather was Charles Carroll, son of Daniel Carroll, a native of Littamouna, King's county, Ireland, of the Inner Temple, and a clerk in the office of Lord Powis, in the reign of James II. Charles Carroll, the grandfather, came to America with a view of bettering his fortune, about the year 1680. Through the friendly intervention of Lord Powis he was selected in 1691 to succeed Col. Henry Darnall as judge and register of the land office, and as the agent and receiver of rents for Lord Baltimore, in the province of Maryland. He took an active part in the public transactions of the times, was an influential person in the administration of provincial affairs; and in 1718 was one of those who were by name exempted from the disqualifications imposed upon Catholics by the penal code of Maryland. Charles Carroll, the father of the signer, was born in 1702, and inherited, with a large fortune, the energy, the virtues, and the firm faith of his father. He also was a prominent and active man in the colonial affairs of Maryland. The Catholics and Protestants in the province were at this time about equally divided in numbers, and the contests, in which the latter had wrested by force from the former the location of the seat of government and the control of the affairs of the provincial government, had kept always rife the spirit of dispute, and proved the unhappy cause of internal strife to the colony. Mr. Carroll, as a Catholic, felt indignant at the odium cast upon his religion, and in the controversies of the day touching the question of religion, he warmly and ably espoused the Catholic cause. Mr. Latrobe, in his excellent and impartial biography of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, says, that "the disqualifications and oppressions to which Catholics were subjected, in the early part of the eighteenth century, amounted to a persecution. Roman Catholic priests were prohibited from the administration of public worship: the council granted orders to take children from the pernicious contact of Catholic parents: Catholic laymen were deprived of the right of suffrage; and the lands of Catholics were assessed double when the exigences of the province required additional supplies. Besides the oppression of legislative enactments, personal animosity was carried to such an extent, that the Catholics were considered as beyond the pale of fellowship; not suffered to walk with their fellow subjects in front of the Stadt House at Annapolis, and finally obliged to wear swords for their personal protection." To this list of wrongs, collected by a candid Protestant writer, it may be added that there was passed not only the statute, entitled, "an act to prevent the growth of popery within the province," but, in imitation of the odious example of the mother country, the Catholics were, besides, compelled by law to contribute to the maintenance of a church and clergy irreconcilable with their faith and their consciences. The persecutions and insults, which Catholics had thus to encounter, caused a large portion of the Catholic population of Maryland to meditate a flight from the very home which they, amid perils and hardships, had reared in the wilderness, and which they, when in power, had consecrated as "*the land of the sanctuary*," in which Protestants were sheltered from the persecutions of their Protestant brethren. Accordingly Charles Carroll, when on a visit to his son, the subject of this memoir, then at school in Europe, was authorised by his Catholic fellow-citizens in Maryland to make the necessary arrangements to procure for this purpose a tract of

land somewhere within the limits of Louisiana, then under the jurisdiction of France. Mr. Carroll applied to the French minister of State for a grant of land on the Arkansas river, but as he pointed out the tract on the map to the minister, the latter became so alarmed at the thought of such an extensive grant of land to a subject, that difficulties and delays were thrown in the way, and the project was finally defeated.

So intolerant towards Catholics were the colonial laws of this date, that Catholic schools were not permitted in the colony. The Jesuit Fathers had, however, succeeded, without attracting the attention of the public authorities, in establishing at Bohemia, a secluded spot on the Eastern Shore, a fine grammar school for boarders, which was intended to prepare students for the European colleges, and which has been appropriately termed "the Tusculum of the Society of Jesus." It was at this institution that Charles Carroll of Carrollton, about the year 1747, acquired the first rudiments of education. In 1748, when about eleven years of age, he was taken, together with his cousin, John Carroll, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore, to the college of English Jesuits at St. Omer's in French Flanders, where he remained six years studying the classics. He was then entered at the college of French Jesuits at Rheims, where he remained one year, and then went to the college of Louis Le Grand, where he received the visit from his father, alluded to above. After two years spent at Louis Le Grand, he went to Bourges, the capital of the province of Berri, to study the civil law, and after one year thus occupied, he returned to college at Paris. In 1757 he went from Paris to London, and took lodgings in the Inner Temple, where he prosecuted his common law studies till 1764, when he returned to Maryland.

About this time the religious animosities and disputes, which had so long divided the people of Maryland, began to subside. The Catholics had taken so active and patriotic a part in the Indian and French war, towards which they contributed double the amounts contributed by their Protestant fellow-citizens, and were so respectable by their historical association with the first planting of the colony, their wealth, their family connections, their superior education, the purity of their lives, and by their devotion to the prosperity and honor of their native State, and to the cause of American freedom, that the bigotry of the age could no longer sustain itself and the social position of Catholics became greatly improved, though the odious penal laws still remained upon the statute book. Besides these causes the difficulties with the mother country, which the passage of the Stamp Act had about this time, 1766-7, occasioned, turned the activity of the public mind into another channel. The abilities, which had heretofore been spending their force in intestine quarrels, became now enlisted in the discussion of grave constitutional questions, the relations of the colonies to the mother country, the duties and rights of the respective parties and the fundamental rights of British subjects. The discussions on these great American interests in Maryland, were characterized by an amount of talent and learning not surpassed in any other colony. Mr. Carroll took his stand with Chase, Stone, Poca and Dulany, of Maryland, and was equally distinguished for the acuteness and boldness of his views and the ability with which he enforced them.

The storm occasioned by the passage of the Stamp Act was calmed down by its repeal, and each colony again became engrossed in its own local affairs. In the public affairs of the colonial government of Maryland, Mr. Carroll took as heretofore a leading part. His great wealth, finished education and graceful manners, added to his moral worth as a man, gave him great influence in the

affairs of his native State, which he always wielded for the cause of truth, justice and liberty.

It was during this interval of repose, in June, 1768, that Mr. Carroll was married to Miss Mary Darnall, the daughter of Henry Darnall, Jr., Esq. This lady is described in the contemporary prints as "an agreeable young lady, endowed with every accomplishment necessary to render the connubial state happy."

Another political storm, however, soon broke over the province of Maryland. This was occasioned by the attempt to collect the fees of the civil officers of government by the extraordinary process of *proclamation*. The popular indignation was unbounded at this attempt to exercise an unconstitutional and tyrannical prerogative. Mr. Carroll at once espoused the cause of the people, and was, in this most remarkable controversy, the great popular champion, who achieved a glorious victory over the advocates of arbitrary power. In the year 1770 a bill passed the lower house of the legislature, correcting abuses in the old system of fees for the support of the civil officers, and establishing a new tariff of fees. This bill was defeated in the upper house by the influence of a number of government officials, whose fees of office were thereby to be greatly reduced. The discontent of the public mind at this untoward event would have soon subsided, but for the imprudent and arbitrary course of Governor Eden, who, on the twenty-sixth of November, 1770, a few days after the prorogation of the assembly, issued his proclamation fixing the fees to be received by the civil officers, or as it was called at the time "settling the fees by proclamation." This high-handed measure caused an instantaneous outbreak of public indignation, and became the only question of discussion among the people and in the public journals. Warm advocates enlisted on either side of the question, and the discussion was characterized by great feeling and animosity. Among the advocates of the proclamation was a writer, who conducted a dialogue between two citizens espousing opposite sides, and the victory was given to the Second Citizen, or to the cause of the proclamation. Mr. Carroll then stepped forward and assumed the cause and the signature of the *First Citizen*, whereupon Daniel Dulany, Esq., the provincial secretary and the ablest lawyer in the province, became Mr. Carroll's antagonist, under the signature of *Antilore*. Contemporary testimony represents this as having been one of the most exciting newspaper controversies that was ever conducted in any country. Great ability and learning were displayed on both sides. Mr. Carroll, by the boldness and fearlessness of his views, alarmed even his friends and supporters, who were surprised to see one of the largest landed proprietors in the province advocating and advancing sentiments which might prove so disastrous to his own personal interests. In one of his articles, alluding to the disagreement in the legislature, he exclaims, "What was done? The authority of the chief magistrate interposed and took the decision of that important question from the other branches of the legislature, to itself. In a land of freedom, this arbitrary exertion of prerogative will not, must not, be endured." Mr. Carroll gained for the popular cause a triumphant victory: *Antilore* was completely silenced; and on the fourteenth of May, the people turned out in large masses, carried the proclamation in procession, suspended it from the gallows, and then handed it over to be burned by the public executioner. The newspapers teemed with the praises of the *First Citizen*, for it was not then publicly known who the author was, and letters of thanks and congratulations came in from all directions, of which the following, which was published in Annapolis, is one from many:

*"To the First Citizen :*

"Sir, your manly and spirited opposition to the arbitrary attempt of government, to establish the fees of office by proclamation, justly entitles you to the exalted character of a distinguished advocate for the rights of your country. The proclamation needed only to be thoroughly understood, to be generally detested; and you have had the happiness to please, to instruct, to convince your countrymen. It is the public voice, sir, that the establishment of fees, by the sole authority of prerogative, is an act of usurpation, an act of tyranny, *which in a land of freedom, must not, cannot, be endured.*

"The free and independent citizens of Annapolis, the metropolis of Maryland, who have lately honored us with the public character of representatives, impressed with a just sense of the signal services which you have done your country, instructed us, on the day of our election, to return you their hearty thanks. Public gratitude, sir, for public services, is the patriot's due; and we are proud to observe the generous feelings of our fellow-citizens towards an advocate for liberty. With pleasure we comply with the instructions of our constituents, and in their names we thank you for the spirited exertion of your abilities. We are, sir, most respectfully, your very humble servants,

WILLIAM PACA,  
MATTHEWS HAMMOND."

Afterwards it became known that Mr. Carroll was the *First Citizen*; his fellow-citizens, the people of Annapolis, then turned out in a body to tender to him their thanks and congratulations for his eminent services in the cause of freedom and the constitution.

During this great public discussion there were not wanting bigoted persons in the province, who, unable to answer Mr. Carroll's bold and able advocacy of popular rights and constitutional law, took pleasure in taunting the author with insults to his religion. The name of *Papist*, *Jesuit*, and many other epithets intended as insults, were cast upon him, and one went so far as to throw it up to him "that he was a disfranchised man and could not even vote at an election." Thus it will be seen that even at that day it had not ceased to be a reproach in Maryland to be a Catholic. But the persecutions and insults, to which Catholics were subjected, could not lessen their fidelity and devotion to their country, nor withdraw their support from the popular cause in the great controversy with the mother country, which commenced shortly after this to revive with redoubled violence. In this they acted from principle; seeing truth on the side of the people in that contest, they were bound to sustain it.

The brilliant abilities and dauntless courage displayed by Mr. Carroll in the controversy with Mr. Dulany, had gained for him a high reputation throughout the colony as well as abroad, and drew to him the respect and confidence of his countrymen. Accordingly in 1773-4-5 he performed an active and prominent part in the measures of opposition and resistance on the part of Maryland to the aggressive colonial policy of Great Britain during those years. Catholic by conviction as well as by education, Mr. Carroll, in common with the Catholic body of the country, had been taught to revere the great principles of liberty, which their Catholic ancestors, led on by a Catholic Archbishop, had forced the tyrant John to recognize and affirm in Magna Charta. They had also been taught to respect the act of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Zachary, in denouncing the tyranny of *taxation without representation* centuries before the Declaration of Independence was penned; and they cherished the same great principle, because it was promulgated in that glorious charter, which the Catholic Peer of England, Lord Baltimore, had prepared for the infant colony of Maryland. The established recognition of the great principles of the American revolution by the highest Catholic authorities for ages, will account for the historical fact, that the Catholic body of the country

in 1776 ardently and *unanimously* espoused the cause of freedom and popular rights. Though the laws of all the original colonies had unjustly discriminated against them on account of their religion, yet when the tocsin of freedom was heard, they buried the remembrance of their wrongs, and made common cause with their oppressed countrymen. Thus the Church enjoys the proud distinction in American history, of having given none but patriots to the country in her days of trial. No tories came from her bosom to join the oppressors of their country.

Several anecdotes related by his biographer will inform us of Mr. Carroll's zeal as a popular leader, as well as his clear appreciation of the principles involved in the contest, and his deep penetration and foresight into its future result. As early as the year 1771, when conversing on one occasion with Mr. Chase, the latter observed: "Carroll, we have the better of our opponents—we have completely written them down." "And do you think," said Mr. Carroll, "that writing will settle the question between us?" "To be sure," replied the other, "what else can we resort to?" "The bayonet," was the answer; "our arguments will only raise the feelings of the people to that pitch, when open war will be looked upon as the arbiter of the dispute." Several years before open war had actually broken out between England and the colonies, Mr. Carroll had a correspondence with Mr. Graves, the brother of Admiral Graves, and then a member of Parliament, on the subject of American affairs. Mr. Graves, in one of his letters to Mr. Carroll, ridiculed the thought of resistance to the power of Great Britain by the colonies, and remarked that six thousand English soldiers would march from one end of the continent to the other. "So they may," said Mr. Carroll in his answer, "but they will be masters of the spot only on which they encamp. They will find naught but enemies before and around them. If we are beaten on the plains, we will retreat to our mountains and defy them. Our resources will increase with our difficulties. Necessity will force us to exertion, until, tired of combating, in vain, against a spirit which victory after victory cannot subdue, your armies will evacuate our soil, and your country retire, an immense loser by the contest. No sir,—we have made up our minds to abide the issue of the approaching struggle, and though much blood may be spilt, we have no doubt of our ultimate success."

We will cite the history of the brig *Peggy Stewart* and her cargo of tea at Annapolis, as an evidence of the confidence his fellow-citizens had in his wisdom, and of their respect for his recommendations. The Maryland delegates had passed a resolution on the twenty-second of June, 1774, forbidding the importation of tea into the province. It happened that while the people from all the neighboring counties were assembled at Annapolis, in attendance on the provincial court, the brig *Peggy Stewart*, belonging to Mr. Anthony Stewart, arrived at the port of Annapolis with a cargo of the obnoxious article on board. The people became infuriated at this violation of the resolution, turned out en masse, and threatened violence to the master and consignees of the vessel and destruction to her cargo of tea. To quiet the public excitement, the committee of delegates took the necessary steps to prevent the unloading and landing of the tea. But this did not satisfy the people, for the vessel still lay in sight with the tea on board. The friends of Mr. Stewart applied to Mr. Carroll for the exertion of his influence to protect them from the popular violence. Mr. Carroll's decision was prompt and immediate: "It will not do, gentlemen, to export the tea to Europe or the West Indies. Its importation, contrary to the known regulations of the convention, is an offence for which the people will not be easily satisfied; and whatever may be my personal esteem for Mr. Stewart, and my wish to prevent violence, it will not be in my

power to protect him, unless he consents to pursue a more decisive course of conduct. My advice is, that he set fire to the vessel, and burn her, together with the tea that she contains, to the water's edge." The parties acceded to Mr. Carroll's recommendation, and Mr. Stewart, the owner, immediately went to the committee and offered to destroy the vessel and tea, as Mr. Carroll had advised. Shortly afterwards the Peggy Stewart, with the tea on board, her sails set, and colors streaming, was enveloped in flames, amid the joyous acclamations of the crowds assembled on the shores.

In December, 1774, Mr. Carroll was, together with Matthew Tilghman, John Hall, Samuel Chase, Thomas Johnson, Jr., Charles Carroll, barrister, and William Paca, appointed on the committee of correspondence for the province; in January, 1775, he was appointed a member of the committee of observation; in the same year he was elected by the people of Anne Arundel county as their representative in the colonial convention, and when that body appointed the committee of safety, in whom was vested the executive power during the recess of the convention, Mr. Carroll was made a member of that committee. In these various and responsible trusts Mr. Carroll was surpassed by none of the patriots of the day in zeal for the cause, or in activity and ability in discharging the laborious duties they entailed upon him.

What merit and principle had not yet accomplished, necessity and a common danger now brought about—a repeal of the laws against Catholics. In the celebrated sermon preached by Parson Boucher, in Queen Anne's Parish, Prince George's county, in 1774, among other high eulogiums passed upon the Catholics and their religion, is the following: "But their fortitude, under trials of peculiar poignancy, is almost as unexampled as their oppressions; and their acquiescence, under a long series of accumulated wrongs, is such an instance of true patriotism, as entitles them to the highest respect." Yet persecution still blemished the pages of the statute book. In the removal of this reproach, Mr. Carroll took an earnest and active part. About this time, 1775, he was appointed a member of the "*committee to prepare a declaration of rights and a form of government for this State.*" In their report the committee incorporated a provision which restored in Maryland that great principle of civil and religious liberty, which Lord Baltimore, Governor Leonard Calvert, and the law-givers of 1649, had established as the fundamental law of the State, but which had been suspended during the whole period of the Protestant ascendancy. In the declaration of rights, reported by the committee, was embraced the following:

"Article XXXIII. That as it is the duty of every man to worship God in such manner as he thinks most acceptable to Him, all persons professing the Christian religion are equally entitled to protection in their religious liberty, &c. Nor ought any person be compelled to frequent, or maintain, or contribute, unless on contract, to maintain any particular place of worship, or any particular ministry," &c. It was thus that religious persecution was banished, it had been hoped for ever, from the soil of Maryland.

The revolutionary contest waxed warmer as the mother country became more obstinate and tyrannical. As Philadelphia was the place where congress held its meetings, and consequently the centre of all the great political movements of the day, all the leading spirits and patriots were attracted thither. Mr. Carroll repaired to that city early in the year 1776, and became an anxious adviser and participant in the patriotic measures of the congress. His abilities and distinguished services as a powerful and intrepid advocate of the cause of American freedom had already

caused him to be well known and highly esteemed as a patriot by the members of the Continental Congress then assembled. They accordingly appointed him, though not a member of their body, one of the commissioners, with Dr. Franklin and Samuel Chase, to manage the momentous relations of the United Colonies with their Canadian neighbors. By the resolution of congress, constituting the commission, Mr. Carroll was "requested to prevail on Mr. John Carroll to accompany the committee to Canada, to assist them in such matters as they shall think useful." The objects of this mission to Canada were to remove from the minds of the Canadians all prejudice against the cause in which the colonies were engaged, particularly the injurious impressions which had been made on their minds by the injudicious proceedings of congress and of several of the colonial legislatures, including Maryland herself, in reference to the "Quebec Act," in which proceedings the most unjust and uncalled-for denunciations had been uttered and published against the Catholic religion, which was the religion professed by the Canadians, whose good will it was now important for congress to conciliate: to explain the principles of the American revolution: to urge a union between the Canadas and the colonies upon the ground of mutual interest and common destiny: to guarantee the right of self-government, and the freedom of religion to the Canadians: to establish a free press: to settle all questions pending between the Canadians and the continental army: to secure currency to the continental money: to regulate and reform the affairs of the army then in Canada, with power to draw on congress for moneys not exceeding in amount one hundred thousand dollars, &c.

After a journey of nearly a month (now performed in two days), in which many exposures, hardships and privations were encountered, the commissioners arrived at Montreal in the evening of the twenty-ninth of April, 1776, and were received with every demonstration of respect and joy by our suffering army. Addressing themselves immediately to the performance of the duties imposed on them by congress, they found themselves surrounded by many difficulties. The inadequacy of the military force engaged in the work, the defeat of Montgomery, and the failure to send the regular supplies, had almost wholly cooled down the ardor, with which the Canadians had at first hailed the cause of American freedom. A still greater obstacle existed in the outraged religious sentiments of the inhabitants and their clergy, occasioned by the rash and inconsiderate language in which the Americans had denounced the act of the British Government, commonly known as the Quebec Act, protecting the Canadians in the exercise of their religion. The most active and strenuous efforts on the part of the commissioners could not regain the confidence of a people already too far alienated. Besides this, the promises of men, money, provisions and clothing, which the commissioners made, were greatly delayed in their fulfilment, in consequence of the then embarrassed and needy condition of the struggling colonies. The embassy to Canada consequently failed entirely. Dr. Franklin and the Rev. John Carroll having started on their homeward journey, Mr. Charles Carroll and Mr. Chase remained some days to regulate the affairs of the army. They arrived in Philadelphia about the ninth or tenth of May, and a few days afterwards made a written report to congress, detailing the occurrences of their mission, and the causes of their ill success in Canada. Mr. Charles Carroll kept a journal of his travels and observations in Canada, a most valuable and interesting historical relic, which was published in 1845, prefaced with an introductory memoir by Brantz Mayer, Esq., of Baltimore.

Upon his return to Philadelphia Mr. Carroll found congress in the midst of the discussion on the great question of Independence. He began now to see realized his views and predictions made from the beginning of the contest. In December, 1775, he had strenuously, but in vain, opposed the instructions which the convention of Maryland gave to their representatives in congress, "to disavow, in the most solemn manner, all design in the colonies of independence." He was now mortified in seeing the representatives in congress of his native State still tied down to those unwise and timid instructions, and he resolved to exert himself at once for their repeal. For this purpose he returned to Annapolis and resumed his seat as a member of the convention then sitting. The question was immediately raised of withdrawing the instructions of December, 1775, and substituting for them instructions "to concur with the other united colonies, or a majority of them, in declaring the United Colonies free and independent States." The crisis of the great question was pressing upon the congress, whose members had already nearly arrived at the resolution of proclaiming Independence, and the loss of a moment of time might deprive Maryland of a share in the glorious act then about to be performed. In these circumstances Mr. Carroll and his friends in the convention brought all their energy, eloquence and arguments to bear in favor of immediate action. Success crowned their generous and noble efforts. On the twenty-eight of June the old instructions were repealed, and those proposed by Mr. Carroll substituted in their stead. The new instructions were received by the Maryland delegates in congress on the second, so that on the Fourth of July Maryland threw an unanimous vote for Independence.

On the fourth of July, 1776, a new election by the convention of delegates from Maryland to congress took place, and Mr. Carroll was elected to represent his native State in that august body. The business of the convention detained him a few days longer at Annapolis. On the sixth of July it was his happiness to see published to the world the resolutions in favor of independence, which it was his glory to have taken a leading part in getting through the convention of the State. The credentials of the new members from Maryland having been received by congress on the eighteenth of July, Mr. Carroll on that day appeared and took his seat in that body. The Declaration of Independence had already been adopted by congress, though not yet engrossed or signed by the members, so that Mr. Carroll had not the happiness of voting for that measure. The public impression, derived from the published journals of congress, was for a long time prevalent, that the Declaration of Independence was both adopted and signed on the fourth of July. But it is now well settled that such was not in fact the case. The idea of signing does not appear to have at first occurred to the members. It was not until the nineteenth of July that a resolution was adopted by congress, in secret session, directing the Declaration to be engrossed on parchment in order to receive the signatures of the members. On the second of August the engrossed copy was laid on the desk of the secretary of congress, to be signed by the members then present, and to be kept open for the signatures of the members then absent, as they should return to their seats. While the signing was progressing on the second of August, John Hancock, the President of Congress, asked Mr. Carroll, in conversation, if he would sign the Declaration? "Most willingly," he replied, and taking a pen he signed his name, as was his habit, *Charles Carroll*. A bystander remarked aloud as Mr. Carroll was signing his name, "there go several millions," alluding to the great wealth endangered by his adherence to the cause of Independence. "Nay," said another, "there are several Charles Carrolls,

he cannot be identified." Mr. Carroll, hearing the conversation, immediately added to his signature the words "*of Carrollton*," the name of the estate on which he resided, remarking as he did so, "They cannot mistake me now." From this circumstance Mr. Carroll ever afterwards bore the surname "*of Carrollton*."

The duties of the board of war having become too arduous, congress resolved, on the eighteenth of July, to add to it another member, and Mr. Carroll received that honorable and important position. Besides his usual activity and energy in the general duties of the board, he brought to their labors, in the investigations growing out of the Canada expedition, invaluable assistance by his knowledge of the people, the country and the situation and condition of the army, acquired from personal observation in his recent trip to Canada as one of the commissioners from congress. During his congressional term he did not omit, so far as his duties at Philadelphia would allow him, to aid in the management of the local affairs of Maryland, in whose convention he still retained his membership. Towards the close of the year 1776 he was appointed on the committee to prepare a new constitution for the State; in December of the same year he was elected a member of the first State senate under the new constitution; and, in February, 1777, he was again returned to congress, of which body he continued an active and influential member until 1778, when the treaty with France quieted all his fears for the success of American independence, and feeling that his duty as a State senator summoned him to Annapolis, he resigned his seat in congress and resumed that in the Maryland senate. In 1781 he was again elected a State senator, and in December, 1788, a senator of the United States from the State of Maryland, under the new Federal Constitution. In drawing lots to determine who of the senators should serve for two, four and six years respectively, Mr. Carroll drew the short term of two years. Congress was then sitting in New York. Mr. Carroll was a member of the old federal party, an active member of the senate, and a constant participator in the debates of the day, in which he always sustained his previously distinguished reputation. On the expiration of his term in the United States senate in 1791, Mr. Carroll was again elected to the senate of Maryland; he was re-elected to that body in 1796, and in 1797 was appointed one of the commissioners to settle the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia. He remained a member of the State senate till the year 1801; when, upon the defeat of the federal party, he retired into private life, being then in his sixty-third year.

Mr. Carroll had been a member of the first committees of correspondence, observation and safety, twice a member of the Maryland convention, twice a delegate in congress, once a senator of the United States, and four times a senator of Maryland, in all which offices he always brought to bear great energy and zeal, the advantages of a thorough education, and great experience and practical wisdom. Mr. Latrobe, in his biography, published in Sanderson's *Lives of the Signers*, thus describes his character as a public man: "During thirty years passed in public life, embracing the most eventful period of the history of the United States, Mr. Carroll, as a politician, was quick to decide and prompt to execute. His measures were open and energetic, and he was more inclined to exceed than fall below the end which he proposed. As a speaker he was concise and animated; the advantages of travel and society made him graceful; books, habits of study and acute observation, made him impressive and instructive. As a writer he was remarkably dignified; his arrangement was regular; his style was full without being diffused, and, though highly argumentative, was prevented from being dull by the

vein of polite learning, which was visible throughout."\* Another writer thus describes his character and accomplishments: "His mind was highly cultivated. He was always a model of regularity of conduct and sedateness of judgment. In natural sagacity, in refinement of taste and pleasures, in unaffected and habitual courtesy, in vigilant observation, vivacity of spirit, and true susceptibility of domestic and social happiness, in the best forms, he had but few equals, in the greater part of his long and bright existence."

Mr. Carroll was a sincere and zealous member of the Catholic Church. His life beautifully proves how well a gentleman in the world can be a Christian, and how the amplest recognition of the duties, which the citizen owes to the State, cannot conflict with the duties he owes to God, nor with his obedience to the Church. He was not a merely nominal Catholic: he was a practical Catholic. At his country seat, Doughoregan Manor, a beautiful chapel was erected under one continuous roof with the family residence, in which regular services were held for the benefit of his family, his dependents and his neighbors. He realized in his religious life that simplicity and faith of little children, which our Saviour constituted a prerequisite for admission into heaven. Eye-witnesses have described it as a truly touching sight, to see the venerable form of Charles Carroll of Carrollton kneeling and bent in prayer before the altar in the chapel at Doughoregan Manor, and to behold the illustrious patriot and statesman, at the advanced age of eighty and upwards, serving the priest at the altar during the celebration of the sacred offices of the Church. His hospitality and liberality were frequently experienced by the prelates, whom duties connected with religion frequently called to Baltimore. At the conclusion of the first Provincial Council of the Bishops of the American Church, held at Baltimore in 1829, the prelates composing that august assembly called in a body at his residence to pay their respects to this illustrious patriot, then in his ninety-second year, who received them with his accustomed cordiality and graceful dignity, and was deeply affected at so delicate and exalted a compliment. In the language of Mr. Lossing, "the good and the great made pilgrimages to his dwelling, to behold, with their own eyes, the venerable political patriarch of America; and from the rich store house of his intellect he freely contributed to the deficiencies of others."

After his retirement into private life, in 1801, Mr. Carroll lived many years surrounded by his children and grand-children, and blessed by the prayers and benedictions of a grateful posterity. Intense was the love, and profound the veneration, which the country loved to manifest towards the few surviving members of that immortal band, who in 1776 signed their names to the great charter of American liberties. It has been beautifully remarked, that, "Like the books of the Sybil, the living signers of the Declaration of Independence increased in value as they decreased in number." Many were the testimonials of affection, which a grateful nation laid at the feet of those illustrious men. One such tribute, and only one from many, paid to Mr. Carroll towards the close of his long and glorious career, we will here introduce:

\*In the copy of Sanderson's Lives, vol. vii, in the Baltimore Library, the following memorandum is written at the end of Mr. Carroll's biography by the enlightened and accomplished author: "The foregoing biographical sketch was written by me in 1826 from memoranda (autograph) furnished by Mr. Carroll, and numerous conversations. When finished, I read it to him, and his remark, *verbatim*, was, 'Well, Mr. Latrobe, you have certainly made me out a much greater man than I ever found myself to be: and yet, really, I hardly think that the facts you have stated are otherwise than strictly true.' He was then, I think, in his 90th year; cheerful, vivacious even, and carefully attentive to his business matters. J. H. B. LATROBE."

"BALTIMORE, April 24th, 1856."

"TO CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, 24th June, 1824.

"SIR:—In pursuance of a joint resolution of the two houses of congress, a copy of which is hereto annexed, and by direction of the President of the United States, I have the honor of transmitting to you two *fac simile* copies of the original Declaration of Independence, engrossed on parchment, conformably to a secret resolution of congress of nineteenth July, 1776, to be signed by every member of congress, and accordingly signed on the second day of August, of the same year. Of this document, unparalleled in the annals of mankind, the original, deposited in this department, exhibits your name as one of the subscribers. The rolls herewith transmitted are copies, as exact as the art of engraving can present, of the instrument itself, as well as of the signers to it.

"While performing the duty thus assigned me, permit me to felicitate you, and the country which is reaping the reward of your labors, as well that your hand was affixed to this record of glory, as that, after the lapse of near half a century, you survive to receive this tribute of reverence and gratitude, from your children, the present fathers of the land.

"With every sentiment of veneration, I have the honor of subscribing myself your fellow-citizen,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS."

While the whole country was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of Independence, the Fourth of July, 1826, "the year of jubilee," there remained but three surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and Charles Carroll of Carrollton. These three names were mingled with the songs of national joy, and saluted with the peals of artillery, expressing the thanks of millions of freemen to their liberators. On that same day, amidst the rejoicings of the festival, two of the illustrious trio, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, passed together from the scenes of earth, leaving Charles Carroll of Carrollton the sole survivor of the fifty-six patriots of 1776. Mr. Carroll survived his compeers six years, when he too, on the fourteenth of November, 1832, departed amid the tears and blessings of the people he had served so well—the last to withdraw his enraptured gaze from the contemplation of the full maturity and beauty of that great Republic, over whose infancy he had watched.

### Three Calls.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy straying  
Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;  
She calls—but he still thinks of naught save playing,  
And so she smiles and waves him an adieu!  
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,  
Dreams not that morn! returns no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood growing,  
Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,  
One young fair face, from bower to jasmine glowing,  
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm;  
So soon unnoticed seeks the western shore,  
And man forgets that noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming  
With the thin fire-light, flick'ring, faint and low,  
By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming  
O'er pleasures gone as all life's pleasures go;  
Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door  
Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

## PARADISE LOST.

*Translated for the Metropolitan from the Works of Chateaubriand.*

THE *Paradise Lost* of Milton may be charged with the same fault as the *Inferno* of Dante. The marvellous forms the subject, and not the machinery, of the poem; but it abounds with superior beauties which essentially belong to the groundwork of our religion.

The poem opens in the infernal world, and yet this beginning offends in no respect against the rule of simplicity laid down by Aristotle. An edifice so astonishing required an extraordinary portico to introduce the reader all at once into this unknown world, which he was no more to quit.

Milton is the first poet who has closed the epic with the misfortune of the principal character, contrary to the rule generally adopted. We are of opinion, however, that there is something more interesting, more solemn, more congenial with the condition of human nature, in a history which ends in sorrows, than in one which has a happy termination. It may even be asserted that the catastrophe of the *Iliad* is tragical; for if the son of Peleus obtains the object of his wishes, still the conclusion of the poem leaves a deep impression of grief.\* After witnessing the funeral of Patroclus, Priam redeeming the body of Hector, the anguish of Hecuba and Andromache at the funeral pile of that hero, we still perceive in the distance the death of Achilles and the fall of Troy.

The infancy of Rome, sung by Virgil, is certainly a grand subject; but what shall we say of a poem that depicts a catastrophe of which we are ourselves the victims, and which exhibits to us not the founder of this or that community, but the father of the human race? Milton describes neither battles, nor funeral games, nor camps, nor sieges: he displays the grand idea of God manifested in the creation of the universe, and the first thoughts of man on issuing from the hands of his Maker.

Nothing can be more august and more interesting than this study of the first emotions of the human heart. Adam awakes to life; his eyes open; he knows not whence he originates. He gazes on the firmament; he attempts to spring toward this beautiful vault, and stands erect, with his head nobly raised to heaven. He examines himself, he touches his limbs; he runs, he stops; he attempts to speak, and his obedient tongue gives utterance to his thoughts. He naturally names whatever he sees, exclaiming, "O sun, and trees, forests, hills, valleys, and ye different animals!" and all the names which he gives are the proper appellations of the respective beings. And why does he exclaim, "O sun, and ye trees, know ye the name of Him who created me?" The first sentiment experienced by man relates to the existence of a Supreme Being; the first want he feels is the want of a God! How sublime is Milton in this passage! But

\* This sentiment, perhaps, arises from the interest which is felt for Hector. Hector is as much the hero of the poem as Achilles, and this is the great fault of the *Iliad*. The reader's affections are certainly engaged by the Trojans, contrary to the *intention* of the poet, because all the dramatic scenes occur within the walls of Ilium. The aged monarch, Priam, whose only crime was too much love for a guilty son,—the generous Hector, who was acquainted with his brother's fault, and yet defended that brother,—Andromache, Astyanax, Hecuba,—melt every heart; whereas the camp of the Greeks exhibits naught but avarice, perfidy, and ferocity. Perhaps, also, the remembrance of the *Æneid* secretly influences the modern reader, and he unintentionally espouses the side of the heroes sung by Virgil.

would he have conceived such grand, such lofty ideas, had he been a stranger to the true religion?

God manifests himself to Adam; the creature and the Creator hold converse together; they discourse on solitude. We omit the reflections. God knew that it was not good for man to be alone. Adam falls asleep; God takes from the side of our common father the substance out of which he fashions a new creature, whom he conducts to him on his waking.

Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.

Woman is her name, of man  
Extracted; for this cause he shall forego  
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;  
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

Wo to him who cannot perceive here a reflection of the Deity!

The poet continues to develop these grand views of human nature, this sublime reason of Christianity. The character of the woman is admirably delineated in the fatal fall. Eve transgresses by self-love; she boasts that she is strong enough alone to encounter temptation. She is unwilling that Adam should accompany her to the solitary spot where she cultivates her flowers. This fair creature, who thinks herself invincible by reason of her very weakness, knows not that a single word can subdue her. Woman is always delineated in the Scripture as the slave of vanity. When Isaiah threatens the daughters of Jerusalem, he says, "The Lord will take away your ear-rings, your bracelets, your rings, and your veils." We have witnessed in our own days a striking instance of this disposition. Many a woman, during the reign of *terror*, exhibited numberless proofs of heroism, whose virtue has since fallen a victim to a dance, a dress, an amusement. Here we have the development of one of those great and mysterious truths contained in the Scriptures. God, when he doomed woman to bring forth with pain, conferred on her an invincible fortitude against pain; but at the same time, as a punishment for her fault, he left her weak against pleasure. Milton accordingly denominates her "this fair defect of nature."

The manner in which the English bard has conducted the fall of our first parents is well worthy of our examination. An ordinary genius would not have failed to convulse the world at the moment when Eve raises the fatal fruit to her lips; but Milton merely represents that—

Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,  
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe  
That all was lost.

The reader is, in fact, the more surprised, because this effect is much less surprising. What calamities does this present tranquillity of nature lead us to anticipate in future? Tertullian, inquiring why the universe is not disturbed by the crimes of men, adduces a sublime reason. This reason is, *PATIENCE* of God.

When the mother of mankind presents the fruit of knowledge to her husband, our common father does not roll himself in the dust, or tear his hair, or loudly vent his grief. On the contrary,—

Adam, soon as he heard  
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,  
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill  
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd.  
Speechless he stood, and pale.

He perceives the whole enormity of the crime. On the one hand, if he disobey, he shall incur the penalty of death; on the other, if he continue faithful, he will retain his immortality, but will lose his beloved partner, now devoted to the grave. He may refuse the fruit, but can he live without Eve? The conflict is long. A world at last is sacrificed to love. Adam, instead of loading his wife with reproaches, endeavors to console her, and accepts the fatal apple from her hands. On this consummation of the crime, no change yet takes place in nature. Only the first storms of the passions begin to agitate the hearts of the unhappy pair.

Adam and Eve fall asleep; but they have lost that innocence which renders slumber refreshing. From this troubled sleep they rise as from unrest. 'Tis then that their guilt stares them in the face. "What have we done?" exclaims Adam. "Why art thou naked? Let us seek a covering for ourselves, lest any one see us in this state!" But clothing does not conceal the nudity which has been once seen.

Meanwhile their crime is known in heaven. A holy sadness seizes the angels, but

Mix'd  
With pity, violated not their bliss.

A truly Christian and sublime idea! God sends his Son to judge the guilty. He comes and calls Adam in the solitude: "Where art thou?" Adam hides himself from his presence: "Lord, I dare not show myself, because I am naked." "How dost thou know thyself to be naked? Hast thou eaten the fruit of knowledge?" What a dialogue passes between them! It is not of human invention. Adam confesses his crime, and God pronounces sentence: "Man! in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread. In sorrow shalt thou cultivate the earth, till thou return unto dust from which thou wast taken. Woman, thou shalt bring forth children with pain." Such, in a few words, is the history of the human race. We know not if the reader is struck by it as we are; but we find in this scene of Genesis something so extraordinary and so grand that it defies all the comments of criticism. Admiration wants terms to express itself with adequate force, and art sinks into nothing.

The Son of God returns to heaven. Then commences that celebrated drama between Adam and Eve in which Milton is said to have recorded an event of his own life—the reconciliation between himself and his first consort. We are persuaded that the greater writers have introduced their history into their works. It is only by delineating their own hearts, and attributing them to others, that they are enabled to give such exquisite pictures of nature; for the better part of genius consists in recollections.

Behold Adam now retiring at night in some lonely spot. The nature of the air is changed. Cold vapors and thick clouds obscure the face of heaven. The lightning has scathed the trees. The animals flee at the sight of man. The wolf begins to pursue the lamb, the vulture to prey upon the dove. He is overwhelmed with despair. He wishes to return to his native dust. Yet, says he,

One doubt  
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;  
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man,  
Which God inspired, cannot together perish  
With corporeal clod; then in the grave,  
Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
But I shall die a living death?

Can philosophy require a species of beauties more exalted and more solemn? Not only the poets of antiquity furnish no instance of a despair founded on such a basis, but moralists themselves have conceived nothing so sublime.

Eve, hearing her husband's lamentations, approaches with timidity. Adam sternly repels her. Eve falls humbly at his feet and bathes them with her tears. Adam relents, and raises the mother of the human race. Eve proposes to him to live in continence, or to inflict death upon themselves to save their posterity. This despair, so admirably ascribed to a woman, as well for its vehemence as for its generosity, strikes our common father. What reply does he make to his wife?

Eve, thy contempt for life and pleasure seems  
To argue in thee something more sublime  
And excellent than what thy mind contemns.

The unfortunate pair resolve to offer up their prayers to God, and to implore the mercy of the Almighty. Prostrating themselves on the ground, they raise their hearts and voices, in a spirit of profound humility, toward him who is the source of forgiveness. These accents ascend to heaven, where the Son himself undertakes the office of presenting them to his Father. The suppliant prayers which follow *Injury*, to repair the mischiefs she has occasioned, are justly admired in the *Iliad*. It would indeed be impossible to invent a more beautiful allegory on the subject of prayer. Yet those first sighs of a contrite heart, which find the way that the sighs of the whole human race are soon destined to follow,—those humble prayers which mingle with the incense fuming before the Holy of Holies,—those penitent tears which fill the celestial spirits with joy, which are presented to the Almighty by the Redeemer of mankind, and which move God himself (such is the power of this first prayer in repentant and unhappy man),—all those circumstances combined have in them something so moral, so solemn, and so pathetic that they cannot be said to be eclipsed by the *prayers* of the bard of Ilium.

The Most High relents, and decrees the final salvation of man. Milton has availed himself with great ability of this first mystery of the Scriptures, and has everywhere interwoven the impressive history of a God, who, from the commencement of ages, devotes himself to death to redeem man from destruction. The fall of Adam acquires a higher and more tragic interest when we behold it involving in its consequences the Son of the Almighty himself.

Independently of these beauties which belong to the subject of the *Paradise Lost*, that work displays minor beauties too numerous for us to notice. Milton had, in particular, an extraordinary felicity of expression. Every reader is acquainted with his *darkness visible*, his *pleased silence*, &c. These bold expressions, when sparingly employed, like discords in music, produce a highly brilliant effect. They have a counter air of genius; but great care must be taken not to abuse them. When too studiously sought after, they dwindle into a mere puerile play upon words, as injurious to the language as they are inconsistent with good taste.

We shall, moreover, observe that the bard of Eden, after the example of Virgil, has acquired originality in appropriating to himself the riches of others; which proves that the original style is not the style which never borrows of any one, but that which no other person is capable of reproducing.

This art of imitation, known to all great writers, consists in a certain delicacy of taste, which seizes the beauties of other times, and accommodates them to the present age and manners. Virgil is a model in this respect. Observe how he has transferred to the mother of Euryalus the lamentations of Andromache on the death of Hector. In this passage Homer is rather more natural than the Mantuan

poet, whom he has moreover furnished with all the striking circumstances, such as the work falling from the hands of Andromache, her fainting, &c., while there are others, which are not in the *Æneid*, as Andromache's presentiment of her misfortune, and her appearance with dishevelled tresses upon the battlements; but then the episode of Euryalus is more tender, more pathetic. The mother who alone, of all the Trojan women, resolved to follow the fortunes of her son; the garments with which her maternal affection was engaged and now rendered useless; her exile, her age, her forlorn condition at the very moment when the head of her Euryalus was carried under the ramparts of the camp;—such are the conceptions of Virgil alone. The lamentations of Andromache, being more diffuse, lose something of their energy. Those of the mother of Euryalus, more closely concentrated, fall with increased weight upon the heart. This proves that there was already a great difference between the age of Virgil and Homer, and that in the time of the former all the arts, even that of love, had arrived at a higher perfection.

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## OUR CONVENTS.—VI.

### SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

God's providence—God's providence—thought full of consolation and of hope, inspiring good works without number, and, like his attributes of mercy and love, giving name to societies and congregations devoted to his greater glory and the love of our neighbor in practice. In our desultory sketches we have already named the Sisters of Providence at Burlington, who belong to an institute founded in Canada. That of which we are now to treat was founded in France early in the present century, to repair the ravages caused by the reign of terror. When the fearful revolution, which swept from the soil of France its religious houses and all outward form of religion, first appeared upon the horizon, a young levite, James Francis Dujarié, a native of St. Marie du Bois, in Normandy, was preparing for the priesthood, and had even received deacon's orders; the death of some of the clergy, the flight of others, when the revolution burst forth in all its mad fury, made him resolve to obtain ordination and enter on the ministry where need was greatest, and thus when the altar was prostrate and religion oppressed, he began his ministry. In every disguise conceivable he visited the faithful, confirmed the weak, cheered the desponding, and though constantly denounced and sought for death, he baffled the pursuits of the priest-hunters, and once even successfully took refuge with a party in search of himself. God's providence was his trust, and upborne by it he passed through dangers unharmed. When peace was given to the Church, he was appointed pastor of the market town of Ruillé, in 1802. Here all was to be done: the church restored, the old reclaimed, the sinner converted, the young instructed. One could not suffice to such varied labors, and he sought among the pious women of his flock auxiliaries in his good work. In 1806 he built at the extremity of his parish, on a kind of moor, a house, where a pious young woman directed a school and visited the sick: others joined her and a community was formed. Still the number was small and the permanence of the institute problematical, when a Jesuit Father, to whom Mr. Dujarié had spoken of his little community, met Mlle. Zoe du Roscoeit, daughter of the Count du Roscoeit, a lady who, after her

father's exile and the loss of their property, had supported her family by giving lessons on music and painting. Now that peace was restored to the Church and her family reinstated in a portion of their property, she sought to enter a religious house, but was undecided what institute she should embrace. "My daughter," said the Father of the Society of Jesus, "my daughter, God wishes you at Ruillé." Accepting this as a sign of God's will, and of that providence in which she had so long confided, she hastened to the little house, to which she became so powerful an auxiliary as to be regarded the foundress. The little order at once received an impulse; many joined it, and it was resolved to leave their badly situated and now too narrow house for one in the town and less remote from the church. But before they entered this their venerable foundress expired, in 1821, leaving them, indeed, the example of every virtue. "She was endowed," says one of her spiritual daughters, "with exquisite tenderness; so eloquent were her words, so persuasive her tears, that she conquered hearts before they were aware of the attack. Her example was still more powerful than her words; ever the first in labor, she recoiled before no difficulty and dreaded no hardship. Her delicate hands were bent to the hardest toil: more than once were her sisters moved to see her, with joyful courage, bringing in the wood and water and heating the oven for the community." Such was the foundress of the Sisters of Providence.

They entered their new house in 1821, and the congregation received the royal sanction in 1826. Their rule was drawn up by the learned and holy bishop of Mans, whose edifying death at Rome cannot be forgotten. He undertook it, as he himself expressly declared, as a high testimonial of the lively interest he bore the community.

Before his death the Abbé Dujarié saw them spread over several dioceses, directing schools, hospitals, asylums, where innocence is preserved or penance taught, and no less than two hundred and five assemble for the annual retreat.

Under Mother Mary, the second superioress, who was named by Mother du Rosceit, and still directs the order, it has acquired its greatest development; and when the holy Bishop Bruté, of Vincennes, determined to obtain a female community for his diocese, the Rev. Celestin de la Hailandière, whom he despatched to France for that purpose in 1839, applied to Bishop Bouvier, who had, on the death of the Abbé Dujarié, taken on himself the direction of the sisters. No idea had been entertained by the sisters of establishing so remote a mission, but the ardent zeal of the bishop was inflamed, and he pleaded the cause of Indiana so eloquently that it was resolved to send a colony to America. Three professed sisters and three novices, Mother St. Theodora Guerin being the superior, were chosen for the mission of Vincennes, and on the 16th of July (feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel) the little party set out from Mans for Havre, and after a pleasant voyage, reached New York on the 5th of September. To their disappointment, Mr. Lasale, the merchant to whose care they were commended, was absent, but the excellent bishop of New York, Dr. Dubois, learning their embarrassment, led them to the house of a charitable lady, where they rested several days, and were prepared, by altering their dresses, to proceed on their journey to Vincennes. A long and tedious journey of three weeks was then required to reach Indiana, and on it the sisters had their cross to bear in the insults offered to them by gross and vile-minded bigots. Before their arrival Bishop Bruté was dead, and Mr. Hailandière, promoted to the see of Vincennes, was still abroad. The sisters, however, lost no time in reaching St. Mary's of the Woods, to which they were conducted

by a priest of Vincennes, and where an unfinished house was to be their convent, a log cabin their chapel, and a board their altar.

Thus did the Sisters of Providence, with no aid but providence, begin their order in a land whose language they knew not, in poverty, or rather in destitution, and soon too in sickness, for ere long their beloved superior mother, St. Theodora, was stretched on a bed of pain, and recovered only after a long and doubtful struggle. God listened to the prayers of the sisters, who besought him not to add so severe a trial.

Their house being unfit for occupation, they obtained part of a neighboring farm house; a room for the common hall and a garret for a dormitory. Yet with the snow and rain entering almost at every moment during that long and severe winter, they were so far from losing courage, that they actually received four postulants.

On the 2d of July, 1841, the sisters opened their academy, their building being completed, and soon had a number of pupils. Those not engaged in teaching were engaged in clearing and cultivating the land; but scarcely had their harvest been gathered in 1842, when an incendiary applied a torch to their barn, and the Sisters of Providence beheld the result of their toil, their provision for the winter, destroyed by fire. No hope now seemed left them, as they were burthened by debt already, but Mother Theodora, with Sister Cecilia, a novice, who mingles the blood of the Indian and the French, set out for France, and though at first providence seemed to forget his faithful children, she at last obtained more than enough to meet the expenses incurred by the community during her absence, and pay the most pressing debts.

In the second year of their residence in Indiana the sisters accepted missions; their first was at Jasper, and named after the spouse of the Blessed Virgin; others followed at St. Francisville, St. Peter, Madison, increasing from year to year and from town to town in the diocese, always beginning in poverty and absolute want.\* At present the order comprises eleven establishments,† in which twelve or thirteen hundred children receive the blessings of a Christian education; of this number one hundred and thirty are orphans in two asylums at Vincennes.

In spite of the hatred first vented against the academy of St. Mary's, its reputation is so well established that even Protestants are forced to admit the superiority of its teaching, and confide their children to the sisters as the best instructors of youth in the state. The present number of pupils is about eighty, and as the railroads now intersect the woods of Indiana, the numbers will probably increase.

The house, which was the cradle of the order in Indiana, long remained their chief and noblest one, but as their days of prosperity came, a very fine building was erected in 1852; it is one hundred and ten feet long by sixty five deep, a striking contrast to their original poor accommodations, and at the last annual retreat the sisters numbered seventy-seven, of whom all but twelve were professed. Devoted particularly to the education of youth, this congregation is not a stranger to other works of Christian charity; from the infant still in the cradle to the old man tottering to the tomb, it associates itself to the ills of afflicted nature in order to alleviate them. It is indeed a providence to the land in which it is.

\* We may judge of their poverty by a phrase in a letter of Mother Theodora, stating that unless they could repair the log cabin at St. Peter's, and buy a lock for the door, she should order the Sisters to withdraw.

† St. Mary's, Madison, Jasper, Fort Wayne, Terre Haute, Evansville, Lanesville, Vincennes and Columbus.

The bishops of Vincennes, both Dr. de la Hailandière and his devoted successor, as well the Right Rev. Dr. de St. Palais, have appreciated and encouraged the sisters, and offered so many occasions to their zeal and devotedness, that no other diocese has been enabled to procure any subjects of this excellent congregation. Seldom has this been the case, but the Almighty seems to intend it to thrive and diffuse itself over the State of Indiana, to which in preference to so many others he has called it.\*

\* We are indebted for the materials of this sketch to notices sent to H. de Courcy, Esq., by Mother St. Theodora. Much interesting matter as to their early struggles will be found in a little work, by Leon Aubineau, already mentioned in these sketches. We felicitate M. Aubineau on the fact that the English editors of the *Heroines of Charity*, who plagiarized his work, omitted all mention of his name, for the translation is so full of absurdities, that it would be mortifying to appear as the author.

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### EXTRACT FROM THE FRENCH IN ROME.

*The Paper Money of the Republic—How the French are regarded by the Romans—General Oudinot recalled and departs universally regretted—The Capitol.*

ROME, August 14th, 1849.

How difficult it is to please unreasonable people ! The government commission has just issued a decree full of wisdom and moderation, yet most dissatisfactory to all parties. To understand this question, quite an exciting subject of conversation here for the last few days, you must know that Mazzini and his colleagues found it convenient to raise a revenue by issuing bills to which they gave a forced currency, like our assignats of 1793. Whilst the taxes should be paid in specie, and whilst the Roman Republic levied contributions on the rich payable only in specie, it defrayed its own expenses in these bills, of which the unlimited number soon swelled into colossal proportions. Each of the *Triumvirs* had a considerable number of them at his own disposal, signed already by his colleagues, to which it was enough to add his own signature to change them into ready cash. Of this privilege they were by no means sparing, and accordingly, after their departure, native specie became so rare that I have not yet seen a single Roman crown: the few that are possessed of any conceal it very carefully.

All purchases are made by means of coins of silvered copper, representing four, eight, sixteen cents, or more, or else by those unhappy bills which are every day becoming more dirty and disagreeable, and falling into such disfavor that we who pay in specie obtain thereby considerable reduction in the price of articles. For instance, you are asked for a fine horse six hundred francs in French money, or a thousand francs in bills: and the brokers give you six francs and a half in paper for a five franc piece.

Every one expected to see the Holy Father refuse to recognize the validity of these bills issued by an illegal government. It was even the only means that promised a prompt remedy for the financial embarrassments which the *Triumvirs* had brought upon the treasury.

But the heart of Pius IX could not consent to a measure which would almost prove the destruction of a great number of merchants, and the government committee has just decided that the bills should be regarded as current until the pontifical government finds itself able, by means of the loan at present negotiating, to withdraw them altogether from circulation. However they have been obliged to submit to the depreciation of a third.

I can easily understand how the Absolutists regard with mortification a measure that weighs so heavily on the treasury, and by which the Holy Father seems to recognize the revolutionary act. But would you not expect that those who had believed themselves on the point of losing the entire value of the bills in their possession, should now deem themselves very fortunate in getting off with two-thirds? Yet it is precisely those that are loudest in their outcries against the measure!

As to the French, it is their business not to interfere with the internal policy of the country. Their part is to secure tranquillity, and to cause the established government to be respected, and of this they acquit themselves with a zeal, a success, and I would even say a chivalrous delicacy, that cannot but excite the gratitude of the Romans, especially as the money spent every day for the maintenance of our army is a new benefit added to that of their deliverance.

Accordingly the great mass of the population regard the French with a friendly eye. The clergy, in spite of their prejudices against the French intervention on account of the flightiness of our character and the instability of our institutions, cannot refrain from doing justice to the admirable discipline of our troops, and take advantage of every occasion to do acts of politeness towards the French officers. Thus the cardinals of the government commission and the chapters of the different basilicas have offered in their turn elegant entertainments to the chief officers of the army, and have invited them to come on certain days to hear mass, in their respective churches. The Roman princes, indeed, generally, vain of their titles and their riches, are too ready to forget that they owe to the French the preservation of both these advantages which themselves had not the courage to defend, and they would gladly assume precedence in the social order. You know the pride of our officers well enough to understand how little disposed they are to recognise any such superiority. Still it is only a few little unseasonable pretensions, a few little mortifications of self-love on both sides, soon to be forgotten, that stand in the way of the best understanding between the officers of our nation and the Roman nobility.

As to the Republican party, small indeed in point of numbers, but increased and directed by a certain number of foreigners, and always dangerous, because thoroughly unscrupulous as to its means, it is not only with indifference it regards the French, but with downright regular hatred, which, though kept in check by terror, nevertheless gives itself scope in the dark, and seeks every opportunity to hurt us. Sometimes the blade of a dagger flashes through the obscurity of night, and treacherously pierces the poor defenceless soldier: sometimes infamous wretches do not scruple to employ the subtle poison of debauchery in their attempts to seduce and corrupt our brave troops.

Mazzini, who still persists in giving himself the name of Triumvir, has fulminated an extravagant address, in which he interdicts all communication with the French.

"Your brothers of Lombardy," he exclaims, "who by abstaining from the Austrian cigars in 1848, gave the signal for insurrection and victory, now cry aloud: 'Italians, reject the productions of France!' Romans, let these words penetrate your hearts! Let every tie be henceforth broken till the day of our common liberty rises again. Refuse every thing then that comes from France, manufactured goods, wines, books. Sunder every commercial connection with that country: and when the French will offer you the articles of their traffic, show them the tomb of the martyred Republicans, and say to these mercenary men: these goods come from the same land as the bullets that killed our brothers, and the executioners that murdered our Republic. Corrupted by selfishness and material desires, France is now nothing but a workshop," &c.

Such absurd trash has not failed to call up old Pasquin, for this statue, ever since it received its name from the satirical tailor, has preserved the privilege of bringing into the world all the good jokes of the city. He has then commented on the proclamation of ex-Triumvir by recommending the Romans to dress like savages, sooner than adopt Parisian fashions, never to go to the theatre for fear of being exposed to the danger of seeing some French play, and henceforth to drink the water of the yellow Tiber at their most brilliant festivals, rather than the claret, the burgundy or the champagne wines that come from the detested land. He advises them moreover to be careful to refuse all gold or silver coins, inasmuch as they must come from the French, for the Republican chiefs had carried off all those that were formerly in the city.

This hatred of the Republican party pursues the French into the ordinary relations of society, and paralyses the good wishes of honest but timid men. Any Roman daring to testify his gratitude or simply to show himself kind and hospitable towards his deliverers, is certain to receive a threatening notice written by an unknown hand, which he is well aware can wield the dagger as readily and as ably as the pen. The air you breathe is filled with a vague terror: a sword of Damocles, as it were, is suspended over our heads, often arresting the smile on the most grateful lips, and freezing the effusions of the most generous heart.

To this universal dismay there is, however, one noble exception. The commander Visconti, highly distinguished among his countrymen for a superior understanding, vast and profound learning, and amiable and benevolent disposition, and particularly for that civil courage now become so rare in Europe, and almost a phenomenon in Italy, continues, in spite of the menaces of which he is the object, to receive the officers of the liberating army. His saloons, of which Madame Visconti does the honors with perfect affability and kind attention, are open every Thursday. I went there last week, and I thought I could remark that the Roman ladies by no means partake of a Republican horror for the French epaulet. The morning after my visit, M.

Visconti sent me an enormous and magnificent bouquet, which I had admired the previous evening on his consal-table. I do not know if this is an attention usual in Italy, but it appeared to me to be extremely graceful.

For the rest, the Roman populace is far from sharing in the ill will the democrats bear us. The other day, a serjeant arrested a perambulating clown who was singing a song by no means complimentary to the French. He caught him by the ear and lugged him off to the guard house through the midst of crowds convulsed with laughter at the spectacle.

Whenever a Frenchman addresses one of the poorer classes to obtain some information or some light favor, he is always kindly received. The mass of the city population is evidently not unfriendly to us, and that of the country is decidedly amicable. In the meantime, thanks to the prudent measures of precaution taken by the energetic governor of Rome, our brave soldiers shall soon be safe from the stiletto of the demagogues; and thanks to their own loyalty, they will not be turned from their duty by the efforts of infamous seductions.

At least I hope so.

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ROME, August 23d.

General Oudinot, whom the Holy Father received at Gaëta in the most flattering manner, has been called home: he takes with him the affectionate regret both of the army and the Roman population. His valor beyond all proof, his noble sentiments, his natural gentleness and courtesy, his upright and chivalrous character, have won the esteem and affection of all. The ladies too are very much grieved at his departure: for the General always procured them the pleasure of a spectacle very rare in our days. Every morning the French cavaliers entered the court yard of the palace Rospigliasi, and went through all the exercises of a magnificent tournament which was to be followed by a brilliant ball.

The Pope has conferred on the Liberator of Rome the grand cross of the order of *Pio Nono*; and the municipality, wishing also to give him a distinguished mark of their gratitude, have got a medal engraved in his honor, the inscription of which records the reëstablishment of peace, and the preservation of the ancient monuments. This inscription has been also engraved under the bust of the General, and he has publicly received the title of Roman citizen.

He was honored with a splendid entertainment before his departure. In the great hall of the capitol, resplendent with the light of thousands of tapers, an immense table, disposed in such a way that the most beautiful antique statues helped to ornament it, was loaded with the rarest fruits and the most exquisite dishes. The senator, the municipal officers, the grandees of Rome, distinguished members of every academy and of the *corps diplomatique*, all the general and superior French officers were present at this banquet to which the ladies, however, had not been invited, to the great regret of many among them. The most curious, however, and I confess I was of the number, got

permission to visit this splendid banqueting hall, and I assure you the effect was gorgeous.

But since I have brought you to the capitol, suppose we go through it rapidly together. Do not expect to find here that terrible citadel of Romulus with its strong and lofty walls, all covered with the spoils of conquered nations. Like all earthly grandeurs this too has fallen, and now hardly a particle of wall remains to point out the ancient construction. The modern capitol has been built by Pope Paul III, on the site of the ancient, and Michael-Angelo, who drew the plan, has preserved the air of boldness and majesty. You arrive at it by a flight of steps of gentle ascent, ornamented at the foot with two sphinxes in black granite, said to be older than the conquest of Egypt by Cambyzes: the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, holding their horses by the bridle, adorn the upper part of the balustrade, and that of Marcus Aurelius occupies the middle of the piazza. This beautiful statue—the finest equestrian statue we have from antiquity—was carried off by Totila as far as the port of Ostium, when it was recovered by Belisarius.

The edifice consists of three parts distinct from each other, and all crowned by balustrades adorned with statues. The middle one is the palace of the senator, a personage charged to decide the minor suits of the people, the only remains of that senate that was once the greatest power on earth. The building on the right is the palace of the conservators, that is, the magistrates of modern Rome. That on the left contains the museum commenced by Clement XII, an immense and inestimable collection of bronzes, paintings, antique statues, of which a great number are reckoned master-pieces. The Capitoline Venus, and particularly the wounded Gaul, commonly called the Dying Gladiator, I need not say, excite the admiration of all visitors.

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### *“Hallowed be Thy Name.”*

List to the dreamy tongue that dwells  
 In rippling wave or sighing tree;  
 Go, hearken to the old church bell,  
 The whistling bird, the whizzing bee;  
 Interpret right, and ye will find  
 'Tis power and glory they proclaim:  
 The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind,  
 All publish, “Hallowed be Thy name!”

Whate'er may be man's faith or creed,  
 Those precious words comprise it still;  
 We trace them on the blooming mead,  
 We have them in the flowing rill;  
 One chorus hails the Great Supreme;  
 Each varied breathing is the same,  
 The strains may differ; but the THEME  
 Is, “Father! hallowed be Thy name.”

## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

### *The Passion.*

Now let us sit and weep,  
And fill our hearts with woe;  
Pondering the shame and torments deep,  
Which God from wicked men did undergo.

The Last Supper had closed, and our Lord, closing the rite of the Paschal Lamb, had instituted that in which he, the true Lamb, was to be eaten to the end of time. Slain from the foundation of the world by Lucifer's desire and rebellion, this Lamb of God was now in time to lay down his life, and so consummate the salvation of man. "For this," sings the Church, "is the true Lamb, who by dying destroyed our death."

As he closed his discourse after the supper, he predicted to his apostles their abandonment of him; although all, and chiefly Peter, protested their resolution to die with him. To show St. Peter how weak we are without God's grace, he foretold that that apostle would deny him thrice. Then he said to them: "When I sent you without purse and scrip and shoes, did you want anything?" "No!" they replied. Then he exclaimed: "But now he that hath a purse, let him take it and likewise a scrip; and he that hath no sword let him sell his coat and buy one. For I say unto you, that this that is written must be fulfilled in me: And he was reckoned among the wicked." They showed him two swords, and saying "It is enough," he went out with them towards Mount Olivet, discoursing with them as he went on the union which they should maintain with him, on the sufferings they would have to undergo, on the Holy Ghost which they were to receive, on his passion, death and resurrection.\*

Passing the torrent of Cedron he came to a place called Gethsemani, where there was a garden in which he had often retired with his apostles to pray.

That garden where of old our guilt began,  
Wrought death and pain;  
But this, where Jesus prays by night for man,  
Brings life and joy again.

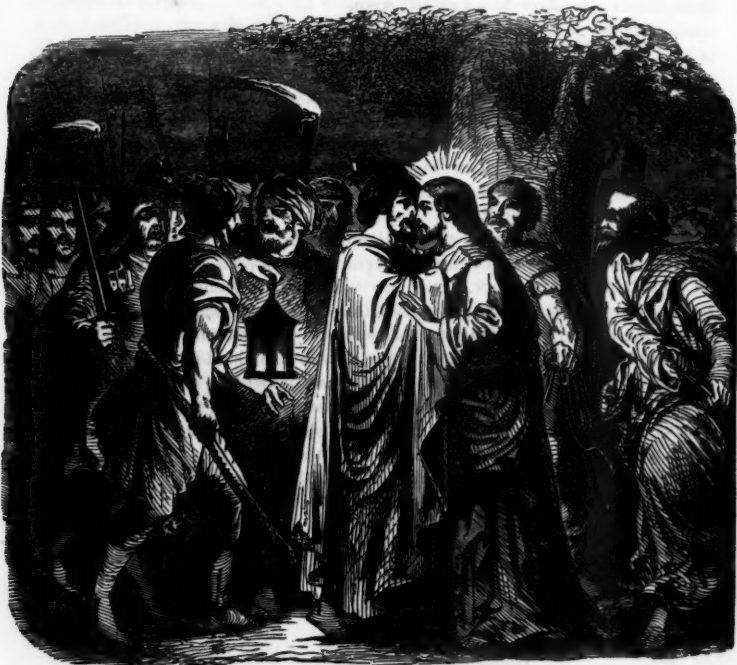
Taking with him the witnesses of his glorious transfiguration, Peter, James and John, he entered the garden, leaving the others without, and bidding the three watch and pray, he withdrew a little and prostrated himself in prayer.

The passion of our divine Lord had begun: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death," he exclaimed. Then on his soul burst all the ignominies of his passion, his bitter sufferings, his cruel death, but more than all, the sins of the world, which he was to expiate—all the offences offered to his divine Father from the creation to the end of time—the gates of hell opening to devour thousands, and thousands disregarding the redemption he had purchased, and plunging head-long into the abyss. The sight overwhelmed him with agony and woe: the blood forced from the pores of his body by the emotion of his sacred heart, trickled down like sweat, bathing his garments and bedewing the very earth. "Abba! Father!" he cried, "all things are possible to thee, take away this chalice from me, yet not what I will but what thou wilt." So prostrated was he that his divine Father sent an

\* John xv-xvii.

angel from heaven to comfort and strengthen him to drink to the dregs the fearful cup, on which man's salvation depended.

Thrice he rose to approach his three apostles, but in spite of his gentle reproaches, they slept and could not comfort him: thrice he returned to pray, uttering the same words. He knew that his hour had come, and arousing



*Judas betraying him with a kiss.*

his apostles he bid them prepare, as his betrayer was at hand. Already the noise of an advancing multitude had gathered the rest around them, and the flickering of torches and the sheen of the uplifted swords announced the coming of an armed host. As this body approached, the apostles, to their horror and dismay, beheld Judas guiding them on, and even beheld him advance to kiss our divine Lord, profaning the mark of affection, in order to point him out to his enemies. Peter, who bore one of the swords, could not bear the sight, and drawing his sword, no sooner saw them lay hands on his divine Master, than he rushed upon them, and prostrating Malchus, a servant of the high priest, dealt him a blow, which however, only severed his ear.\* But our divine Lord bid him put up his sword: "Thinkest thou that I cannot ask my Father, and he will give me presently more than twelve legions of angels?" and touching the wounded man he cured him.† This miracle should have converted his enemies, but though lost

\* Mark xiv, 47.

† Matthew xxvi, 51; Luke xxii, 51.

upon them, it was not the only display of his power. While all stood in amazement he asked: "Whom seek ye?" They answered: "Jesus of Nazareth." "I am he;" and at these words they all fell prostrate. When they rose he again asked them, and when they made the same reply he continued: "I have told you that I am he: if therefore you seek me, let these go their way. Why have you come out against me, as it were against a thief with swords and clubs? When I was daily with you in the temple, you did not stretch forth your hands against me: but this is your hour and the power of darkness."



*Peter strikes the servant of the High Priest.*

His disciples now seeing him in the hands of his enemies, lost courage and fled, and the Jews debating whether they should take him, at last resolved to lead him first to the house of Annas, who would after the end of the pasch be the high priest, for God had so permitted it that this divine office was then in the hands of two political intriguers, Annas and Caiphas, who exercised the sacred functions in rotation. The crowd sought to propitiate the one about to assume the office, and accordingly dragged our divine Lord before him. Full of gratified vanity and triumphing over our Redeemer, the impious Annas questioned him as

to his doctrine and disciples, but Jesus answered: "I have spoken openly to the world. I have always taught in the synagogue and in the temple, whither all the Jews resort; and in secret I have taught nothing. Why askest thou me? Ask them who have heard me what I have spoken to them; they know what things I have said." One of the officers standing by, eager to court the favor of Annas, gave our Saviour a blow, saying: "Answerest thou the high priest so?" "If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil," said our divine Lord meekly, "but if well, why strikest thou me." Annas, though addressed by his flatterers as high priest, was not, and accordingly sent our Lord to his son-in-law, Caiphas, the high priest of that year.

Meanwhile Peter, who had recovered from his alarm, followed Jesus at a distance with another disciple, who, being known to the high priest, entered with the divine captive into the court of the house, and obtained admission for Peter. The latter apostle sat warming himself amid the servants and soldiers, when a servant-maid exclaimed: "Thou wast with Jesus of Nazareth." All that he saw alarmed him, and disowning the very master whom he had followed from love,



*Peter denies his divine Master.*

he answered: "I neither know nor understand what thou sayest." Then rising up he left the group, and went into the vestibule, as if to avoid further questioning; though in vain—another servant seeing him began to say to the standers-by: "This is one of them;" but he denied again and again, protesting "I am not." An officer eyeing him closely, asked: "Did I not see thee in the garden with him?" and another added: "Surely thou art one of them, for thou art a Galilean." But Peter had yielded to the first temptation, and now plunging deeper into sin, began to curse and to swear that he knew not his divine Redeemer. Jesus meanwhile had been led from the house of Annas to the adjoining one of Caiphas, and aware of the fall of his servant, as the cock crew the second time, turned and cast one glance of reproach on his faithless disciple. Overwhelmed with contrition, remorse and love, Peter began to weep, and as tradition tells us,

night after night, till by his glorious death he planted the cross on the very capitol of pagan Rome, he bewailed afresh his weakness and sin.

Caiphas warned of his approach had already summoned the priests and doctors of the law; and as he had, by virtue of his office, prophesied that Christ should die for the people, he now sought means to accomplish it with a show of justice. Many accusers appeared, but not even malice could invent of all their tale a capital offence. At last one said: "We heard him say, I will destroy this temple made with hands, and within three days I will build another not made with hands." Even this was not sufficient, and as Jesus remained silent, the high priest sought to convict him out of his own mouth. Turning to our Blessed Lord he asked him: "Answerest thou nothing to the things that are laid to thy charge by these men?" But our Lord spoke not. "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the blessed God?" then asked the high priest of the Jewish nation, the successor of Aaron—"answer, I adjure thee, by the living God." "I am," replied our Lord distinctly, "and you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming with the clouds of heaven." Then the high priest rent his garments, as was the custom to mark great grief or indignation, and exclaimed: "What need have we of any farther witnesses? You have heard the blasphemy. What think you? . . . He is guilty of death." Then they spit in his face and buffeted him. Not content even with this, they blindfolded him, and striking him, cried in mockery: "Prophecy unto us, O Christ, who is he that struck thee!"

Thus they continued during the rest of the night. Let us pause in adoring wonder to contemplate our divine Lord exhausted by his bloody sweat and bitter agony, dragged like a vile beast from the garden across the torrent and up to the house of Annas, thence to that of Caiphas, with blows and buffets at every step, deprived of all repose or a moment's rest to enable him to bear the new torments that awaited him, deserted by all, mocked and insulted and spit upon. Well do the fathers tell us that not till the day of judgment will man know all that Jesus endured for us that night. Isaias had foretold it, saying in the person of our Lord: "I have given my body to the strikers, and my cheeks to them that plucked them. I have not turned away my face from them that rebuked me and spit upon me."

The Sanhedrim, or council of the Jews, had condemned him to death for blasphemy, and according to the law he should be stoned; but our Lord was to show in his death that the power had passed from Jacob to the hands of the stranger. They sought to crucify him, to punish him by Roman law and the Roman gibbet. When therefore it was morning they led him through the city, bound in heavy fetters, to the house of Pilate, the Roman governor, and accused him of disturbing the public peace, of seditiously persuading people not to pay tribute, and of declaring himself to be the Messiah or King of the Jews. The Roman governor sought to take up the matter formally, but the Jews would not enter his court for fear of contracting legal uncleanness, and when he asked them what accusation they brought, and the grounds of it, they insolently replied: "If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up to thee." He bid them take him and try him according to their law, but they avowed their thirst for his blood: "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death."

Amazed at their fury, and all that he had doubtless heard of our Lord's miracles and holy life, Pilate entered and asked him: "Art thou the King of the Jews?" Jesus answered: "Sayest thou this of thyself, or have others told it thee of

me?" Pilate answered: "Am I a Jew? Thy own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee up to me, what hast thou done?" Jesus answered: "My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, my servants would certainly strive that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now my kingdom is not from hence." "Art thou then a king?" "Thou sayest it; I am a king. For this was I born, and for this I came into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth." "What is truth?" said Pilate musingly, and going forth to the Jews he declared that he found no grounds for condemning him, and, as it was his custom, offered to set him, or a robber named Barabbas, at liberty in honor of their festival: but the people asked Barabbas, and cried out to crucify Jesus. They however mentioned that he came from Galilee, and Pilate, hoping to rid himself of a case in which conscience warned him not to enter, sent him to Herod. Again was he dragged through the streets of Jerusalem, again loaded with scorn and blows: his silence induced Herod to treat him as a fool. Clothed in a white garment like an idiot he was again led back to the hall of Pilate. In vain did the pagan governor seek to save him: hearing that he claimed to be the Son of God, he was filled with fear, and his wife, who in dreams had received warning, urged him not to condemn him: but as the Jews told him that whoever made himself a king, was an enemy to Cæsar, he yielded and ordered our divine Lord to be scourged, hoping, weak man! that the Jews would then be moved to pity.

Our Lord was then stripped and bound to the column. Who but God's saints, to whom he has revealed the horrors of that day, can tell the blows dealt on his bruised and feeble frame by the strong arms of the Roman soldiers, whom Satan inspired with cruelty and hate. Every blow of the fearful scorpion or scourge tore its way through his quivering flesh, the virginal flesh of the Emanuel, of the expected of the nations, and his blood began to flow for the ransom of the world. When their rage was appeased, he became the object of their sport. Leading him out to their companions, the whole guard, some hundred in number, gathered around him. Tearing off his mantle, and opening afresh each gaping wound, they threw about him a purple cloak, and plating a crown of thorns pressed it upon his brows.

See! how amid his gory locks,  
The jagged thorns appear;  
See! how his pallid countenance  
Foretells that death is near.  
O savage was the earth that bore  
Those thorns so sharp and long!  
Savage the hand that gathered them,  
To work this deadly wrong.

A reed was thrust into his hands as a sceptre, and there he sat as a mock king. Bending the knee before him, they struck him, saying: "Hail, King of the Jews." Again they spit in his face, and taking his sceptre smote his sacred head, driving in anew the cruel thorns. Fearful ignominy! He who sitteth at the right hand of his Father, he who will sit one day to judge the world, is thus treated with derision and scorn! By whom? Not only by Pilate's guard, O Christian, but by you whenever you commit sin. How often has your reverence been a mockery, how often have you scourged him by impurity, pressed on the thorny crown by pride, or left his sceptre over you a reed by a worldly life?

Pilate, touched by the spectacle, hoped that it would move the Jews; and leading him out he exclaimed: "Behold the man." "Crucify him! crucify him!"



*The Crowning of our Lord with Thorns.*

was the only response, and yielding to their clamor, he came out into the Lithostrotos, and said : " Behold your king ! " Again rose the fearful cry : " Crucify him ! " " Shall I crucify your king ? " " We have no king but Cæsar," was the answer of the priests of God's chosen people, rejecting the Messiah, and acknowledging only the civil power in all things. Washing his hands Pilate cried : " I am innocent of the blood of this just man. Look you to it ; " and as they invoked that blood on themselves and their children, he delivered our Lord into their hands.

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A HUNDRED years, a hundred years—  
How much of human power and pride,  
Of towering hopes, of trembling fears,  
Have sunk beneath its whelming tide

## THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE ONLY TRUE CHURCH.

### A DIALOGUE.

HERE a short pause ensued ; but after a few moments Theodore thus continued the conversation :

"Col. Haydan, if I were to declare to you my real sentiment concerning the doctrines of your Church, I fear you would doubt my sincerity, and attribute it to some interested motive."

"Theodore, my high esteem for you personally forbids me to doubt of your sincerity on any subject, much less that of religion."

"Then, Col., permit me to tell you that I have long since entertained a secret desire to be instructed in the doctrines of the Catholic Church. For years I have admired the splendor of Catholic institutions, and the sublimity of the Catholic creed ; and if there be one conviction more firmly fixed in my mind than another, it is this, that there can be but one true Church ; that the God of truth never could have established a variety of churches, all teaching doctrines diametrically opposed to each other ; and my only difficulty is to know which is the true Church. Show me that the Catholic Church is the true one, and I will unhesitatingly embrace it. We are told by the sacred penman that our divine Redeemer prayed for his Church, that he promised to send the Holy Spirit to teach her all truth, and that he himself would abide with her for ever ; hence that true Church, which ever it may be, must contain the true doctrine. Convince me that the Catholic Church is the Church established by the Saviour of the world, and I will bow with implicit obedience to every dogma of her teaching ; for if it be the true Church, it could no more teach erroneous doctrines than that the God of heaven could contradict himself."

"Theodore," replied the Colonel, "you have imposed upon me no easy task, considering the circumstances by which we are surrounded, far removed from authorities to which we might refer. But in my early days I carefully studied the principles of my religion, and, as a Catholic, I would blush with shame if I could not answer the queries of those who might desire to be informed on any article of my faith.

"But let me hasten to the point, as the time passes rapidly. You desire to know the ground which the Catholic has for believing that his Church is the Church established by the Redeemer of the world. Among the many arguments that might be advanced in proof of this point, I will only deduce three, and to these I invite your attention.

"1st. The Catholic is the only Church that can trace its origin to the apostolic ages.

"As the Catholic Church is the only body of Christians who hold communion with the Pope or Bishop of Rome, the Catholic can trace back his Church along the current of time, from age to age, from his present Holiness to St. Peter, who received his commission and his power from the lips of Christ himself. In this catalogue of popes, not one is severed from the line of succession, each professed the same faith, and governed the same Church, which he found established before him. Along this unbroken chain of succession of pastors the Catholic can pass with unerring certainty from the present time to the period when Christianity was first proclaimed in the city of David ; and as he moves his hand over this

golden chain, he finds inscribed upon each successive link the same doctrines, the same dogmas of faith, the same sacraments, without change or variation, from the present pontiff to the days of St. Peter.

"This, Theodore, is no unmeaning or vain boast. Bear with me for a few moments, and I will show you that every article of the Catholic faith may be traced to the apostolic age. You believe that there was a period when the true doctrine of Christ was taught on earth?"

"I do most certainly, but I have always been taught to believe that during the primitive ages of the Church, that is, to about the close of the fifth century, the pure doctrine of Christ was taught in his Church, but that during the middle ages the Church of Rome corrupted the doctrines of the apostles, and introduced many innovations. Such is the opinion of Protestants generally."

"Yes, such I am aware is the prevailing notion among Protestants. Time will not permit me," the Colonel continued, "to enter into an examination of every tenet of Catholic belief, I will therefore only call your attention to those most controverted between Catholics and Protestants,—the real presence, the sacrifice of mass, purgatory, invocation of saints, and confession. It is admitted on all hands that these were dogmas of the Catholic creed for ages before the preaching of Luther. Now, Theodore, if I can show you, by reference to historical documents, that these were the identical doctrines taught and believed in the primitive ages of the Church (when you admit the Church taught the true doctrine), you must admit that the Catholic is the Church of Christ."

"I could not resist so conclusive an argument," Theodore replied.

"The formula of prayers and ceremonies," continued the Colonel, "made use of in celebrating the holy Sacrifice of Mass in the Catholic Church is called a *liturgy*. Now the history of the liturgy, or that of the mass, may be traced to the earliest ages of Christianity; hence we find liturgies in use in the primitive Church, bearing the names of the apostles, and of the early fathers, such as the *liturgy* of St. James, of St. Mark, of the Holy Apostles, of St. Basil, of St. Ambrose, of St. Chrysostom, and many others. These are historical documents entirely within the reach of every Protestant who desires to examine them. They are generally supposed to have either been composed or revised by the saints whose names they bear; certain it is that they were very ancient, dating many of them from the days of the apostles, their origin being lost in the dim vista of antiquity.

"Now by examining these liturgies, we find in them the same language, almost the words, which Father Gabriel makes use of every time he celebrates mass in the chapel at St. Inigoës. We find that in the liturgies of St. James, St. Mark, and that of the Holy Apostles, the priest makes use of the same words of consecration:—*This is my body*; adores the divine emblems after consecration; invokes the intercession of the saints, and especially of the holy Mother of God; and prays for the souls of the faithful departed, precisely as the Catholic priest does at the present day during the celebration of the mass.

"What, Theodore, could be more conclusive than this, that the Catholic Church has preserved, pure and unchanged, the doctrines she received from the lips of the apostles? Would time permit I could prove to you that every other doctrine of the Catholic Church could be traced back to the apostolic times; that St. Cyprian, and other contemporary fathers, as early as the year 258, gave instruction on confession in the same manner that the Catholic priest instructs his flock on that dogma of the belief at the present day.

"2d. If you hold that the Catholic Church fell into error, you must admit that during the period which intervened between the fall of the Church into error and the preaching of Luther, there was no true doctrine on earth, which is contrary to the direct declaration of our divine Redeemer, who promised that the gates of hell should not prevail against his Church, that the Holy Spirit should teach her all truth, and that he himself would abide with her for ever. Behold, Theodore, the dilemma in which Protestantism is placed. It must either admit the truth of Catholicity, or hold that the eternal Son of God has falsified his promise.

"3d. Will you tell me, Theodore, what is the ninth article of the Apostles' Creed?"

"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints."

"Now, Theodore," continued the Colonel, "I maintain that the Catholic Church is the only Church that does not violate this article, which proposes the belief in the true Church of Christ constantly subsisting on earth, and which is that communion wherein the saints are to be found. Now at the time your Church formed a separate communion, either there was a true Church of Christ on earth, or there was not. If there were, your Church, by forming a separate communion, quitted and renounced the true Church. If you say there was not, then you give the flat contradiction to the creed, inasmuch as you make it propose as the subject of your belief, a thing that did not exist. From these imperfect remarks, Theodore, you must conclude that the Catholic is the true Church of Christ."

"Colonel, I ask nothing more. Your discourse to-night has solved the doubts which have so long perplexed my mind. I am fully persuaded that the Church of Rome is the Church of Christ."

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### On a Faded Violet.

What thought is folded in thy leaves!  
 What tender thought, what speechless pain!  
 I hold thy faded lips to mine,  
 Thou darling of the April rain!

I hold thy faded lips to mine,  
 Though scent and azure tint are fled!  
 O dry, mute lips, ye are the types  
 Of something in me, cold and dead!

Of something vanished like thy hues,  
 Of fancy flown, of beauty dim;  
 Yet for the love of those white hands  
 That found thee by a river's brim,—

That found thee when thy sunny mouth  
 Was purpled as with drinking wine—  
 For love of her who love forgot,  
 I hold thy faded lips to mine!

That thou shouldst live when I am dead,  
 When hate is dead, for me, and wrong—  
 For this, I use my subtlest art,  
 For this, I fold thee in my song.

## THE DANGER OF MIXED MARRIAGES.

FROM a manuscript tale, which has been placed at our disposal, we select the following chapter. We heartily commend to our readers the sensible and well-timed exposition of the dangers of mixed marriage, which it contains :

### MELVILLE.

There resided in the neighborhood of Ellwood, a family by the name of Melville. Charles Melville, the oldest son, was a young man of agreeable manners; of a refined and cultivated mind, of a noble and patriotic soul: he enlisted with all the enthusiasm of youth in the contest in which his country was engaged in defence of her rights and her liberties, and at the first sound of the war-trumpet he volunteered in her service. He was on the most friendly terms with Colonel Hamilton's family; he frequently visited the cottage, and charmed with the conversation of Mrs. Hamilton, he would remain for hours listening to her, as she discoursed in her usual animated style on the beauty of poetry, the pleasure of history, the blessings of liberty, the wrongs of her native country, or the dogmas of religion. The virtuous and amiable Rosina, Colonel Hamilton's sister, had wooed his heart; but he durst not whisper it to a soul on earth; nor did he even know that she reciprocated his attachment. But how would he accomplish the ardent desire of his heart? how would he gain the hand of Rosina? She was a Catholic, devotedly attached to her religion. He knew the opposition his parents and relatives would make to their union on that account. Personally he was friendly disposed towards the Catholic religion, having been educated in France, and having once assisted at the holy sacrifice of mass, he was so impressed with the solemn service, that he ever afterward retained an esteem and respect for the religion.

He joined the army with Colonel Hamilton, and was promoted to the rank of ensign in one of the companies composing the third regiment of the Maryland Line. The Colonel entertained for young Melville the highest esteem, both on account of the friendly relations that existed between him and the inmates of Ellwood, and on account of the amiable qualities of his mind and heart, as well as his ardent patriotism and distinguished valor. His sense of propriety prevented him from writing to any of Colonel Hamilton's family, but in all the Colonel's correspondence with Ellwood, he would request to be remembered to Mrs. Hamilton and Rosina; this regard was reciprocated on their part, and Mrs. Hamilton in all her letters to the Colonel would present her respects and those of Rosina to Melville.

One evening, while the Maryland troops were encamped at Middlebrook, after the battle of Monmouth, Melville entered Colonel Hamilton's tent. After a friendly salutation, the Colonel addressed his friend with his usual affability:

"Melville," said he, "I have received a letter from Mrs. Hamilton; she desires to be kindly remembered to you, and Miss Rosina presents to you her particular regard." At the name of Rosina a flush passed across the countenance of Melville, and after a moment's pause he said:

"But, Colonel, why do you say *particular* regard? does Miss Rosina desire to be remembered to me more particularly on this, than on former occasions?"

"Well, Melville, I really do not know, but I give you the exact words of the letter," said the Colonel; "here it is, read it for yourself;" and at the same time handing him the letter. Melville took the letter, and having read it, remained for some time in deep study. At length, with an air of seriousness, he thus continued the conversation:

"Colonel," said he, "you have long been my friend; you appear nearer to me than any member of my own family, and, therefore, I feel free to unfold to you a secret unknown to a single individual on earth, and at the same time I have a request to ask, which I hope you will not refuse."

"Melville," replied the Colonel, "you know my friendship and esteem for you; confide to me any matter of confidence you think proper, and if you desire it, it shall remain for ever under the seal of secrecy, a seal that shall never be broken; make known your request, and if it be in my power, nothing, I assure you, would give me greater pleasure than to comply with it."

"Then, Colonel," replied Melville, "learn my secret and my request. My affections have long since centered upon Rosina, and I believe she reciprocates my attachment. But I know your tender solicitude for your only sister; you are to her a brother and a parent, therefore I would not intimate to her the sentiment of my heart, without first making known the matter to you, and asking your consent to our union. If given, our mutual regard for each other shall henceforth be more than friendship; if refused, the high estimation in which I have always regarded you shall never be diminished."

"My dear Melville," replied the Colonel, "your request is one of grave importance. Rosina, I am aware, is amiable and virtuous; she possesses in a high degree all those qualities that might render you happy in life; but I fear there is one obstacle in the way, that will prevent me from giving my consent to your union."

"What obstacle, Colonel, do you allude to? and can it not be removed?" enquired Melville, with a countenance which indicated how deeply he felt the language of the Colonel.

"Melville," replied the Colonel with deep emotion, "you know Rosina is a Catholic, devotedly attached to the principles of her religion. Her father on his dying bed committed her to my care; he enjoined on me as a sacred duty to watch over her youth, to guard her against every contingency, that might in the remotest degree endanger her faith or lead her from the practise of her religion, and above all never to permit her to enter into the bonds of matrimony with a man professing a religion different from her own. Melville, I have always respected the sincerity of your conduct, the integrity of your life, the nobleness of your heart; but as a Protestant you cannot understand the beauty of the Catholic doctrine, nor the sublimity of Catholic institutions. The Catholic Church, having received her doctrines from the lips of her divine Spouse, and having preserved them pure and unblemished from the days of the apostles to the present time, watches with the solicitude of a tender mother, over the spiritual welfare of her children; and nothing brings more poignant grief to her maternal heart than to see these children intermarry with those who profess not her faith. Catholic parents are accountable before God for the faith of their children, and although the Catholic mother might not compromise her faith, still how hard is it for her to serve God and save her soul with a Protestant husband."

"Melville, you may love Rosina, and I have no doubt she would find in you every quality she might desire in a husband, but what security has she that her

children would be raised and educated in the Catholic faith? If you love her tenderly, how can it be that you would desire to become, in all moral probability, the cause of the ruin of her immortal soul?

"On the other hand, you may offer no obstacle to the practice of her religion, you may even offer every facility in your power to enable her to practice it, still a thousand circumstances will arise in her union with you prejudicial to her salvation. Man is a frail, weak mortal; he is apt to imitate the example which he sees before him. If then the Catholic wife is blessed with a husband who unites with her in the same religion, joins her in the same prayers, kneels with her at the same altar, who is equally solicitous with her in instructing their children in the faith of their parents, her faith will be strengthened by his example, her piety and fervor will increase as life advances. But on the contrary, if her husband profess a different faith, if he be a man who cannot join with her in her aspirations to heaven, who cannot accompany her to church, who is indifferent about the religious instruction of his children, it will be a miracle if that wife, influenced by his example, will not become cold and indifferent to the duties of her religion, and abandon the practices of her faith.

"Again, Melville, when the parents differ in religion, what a pernicious influence this difference has upon the minds of their children. The mother may tell them to abstain from meat on days prohibited by the Catholic Church; the father will teach them differently by his example; the mother may teach them to make the sign of the cross, to venerate the mother of God, and to invoke her intercession, and to pray for the souls of the faithful departed; the father may laugh at these practices, and treat them as so many acts of superstition. Under such circumstances what can be expected from the children? If they become Catholics, or rather if they do not become Protestants, or infidels, it is only by a miracle of the grace of God. Add to this the influence of Protestant relatives, who leave no device untried to draw the children from the profession and practice of their religion. Hence, my dear Melville, if I hesitate in giving my assent to your union with Rosina, you will pardon me, now that you have heard my reasons."

When the Colonel had concluded these very judicious remarks, Melville remained for some moments in silence, with his eyes fixed upon the hilt of his sword which he held in his hand: at length, raising his eyes quickly, he said: "Colonel, I admit the truth of every word you have said; those who enter into the indissoluble bonds of matrimony ought to be of one heart and one mind, not only in affection, but also in religion. I well know the honesty of your heart and your attachment to your religion, and therefore I anticipated your answer. But Colonel, do I understand you that mixed marriages are prohibited by the discipline of your Church?"

"No," replied the Colonel, "not absolutely prohibited; but the Church has gone as far as her maternal love for her children will permit her, to discountenance such marriages. Remember, Melville, that marriage is a sacred institution in the Catholic Church; it is one of the sacraments ordained by our Lord himself, by which grace is given to the parties receiving it to live in a holy manner in that state, and to bring up their children in the fear and love of God. But when only one of the parties is a Catholic, the Protestant party does not participate in the grace of the sacrament; the priest is not permitted to solemnize the marriage; he appears on the occasion without surplice or stole, merely as a witness to the matrimonial contract; and the Church withholds from such parties her solemn blessing."

# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"UPON my word, it's very strange," said Mr. Guirkie to Father Brennan, as the latter entered the breakfast parlor at Greenmount to make his usual morning visit, "I declare it is exceedingly strange."

"What's the matter; any thing new since last night?" enquired the priest.

"No; but that abduction of Miss Hardwinkle—Mrs. Motherly has just returned from the post office, and says there are no tidings of her yet. What in the world could the fellow mean by carrying her off?"

"Humph! you'll soon find that out, I suspect. Lanty seldom plays a trick without an object."

"You think Lanty's the man then, without doubt?"

"Certainly—no other would attempt it," and the priest picked up a newspaper, and familiarly took a seat at the window.

"Why, God bless me, if Robert Hardwinkle gets hold of the unfortunate fellow, he'll transport him," said Uncle Jerry, pacing the room uneasily, and hobbling the tail of his morning gown up and down as usual. "He certainly will transport him, eh! What?"

"Never mind," said the priest "Lanty can take care of himself. With all his recklessness he always manages to keep clear of the hangman. Ten chances to one if caught with the lady in his custody, he would not make it appear he was only taking her home, or perhaps prove an alibi, as he did last week in the bailiff's case."

"Just so. I wouldn't doubt it in the least," assented Uncle Jerry, "the fellow's capable of doing any thing. In fact he has imposed on myself a hundred times. No later than last week the rascal sold me hare's ear crottle, not worth a brass button —"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the priest, "you're beginning to find him out at last."

"Well, but after all, the villain has something in him one can't help liking. He's full of tricks, to be sure, but still he's honest in his own way. I wish to heaven he was out of the county for a while at all events. I wish to the Lord he was! for if he stay here that serpent will destroy him."

"Who—Hardwinkle?"

\* Copy-right secured according to law.

"Yes; he'll follow him like a blood-hound. But I had almost forgotten. What of your young friend Barry. Will he be committed to-day?"

"I fear it. Captain Petersham says he can't help committing him. The case is so clear there's no possibility of getting over it."

"Poor fellow. I'm sorry for him, and I'm very sorry on Mary Lee's account. Can nothing be done to save him—eh?"

"Nothing—the serjeant of the police here—Kennedy, who is really a very honest, decent fellow, says he must identify him."

"They say he's a fine young man, Father John."

"Very much so, indeed. He's as handsome and high-minded a lad as ye could meet with any where. But like all young men in love, he is very imprudent. So much so indeed, that I often think he must have been crazy to act as he has. The idea of his running the gauntlet through all the constables and spies between here and Cork, with a reward of £500 for his head, merely to see a foolish young girl, is so provoking to all who feel an interest in his welfare, that ——"

"Hush! hush! Father John, nonsense, say no more about that. Love's a thing you're not competent to speak of, you know. It's out of your line altogether. So far from thinking the less of him for his imprudence, I know I think the more of him. But apropos of the Lees," he added, throwing up his spectacles and halting before the priest, "have you found out who they are or what they are?"

"No, sir; so far as regards their family connexions, I know no more about them than you know yourself."

"I declare! It's very strange. I can find no one to give me the least information of the family. I tried once to draw something from Kate Petersham—she's so intimate there, but the young\* baggage was as close as an oyster. As for Rodger, I darn't venture to approach the subject at all, lest he should take alarm, and then he would never come to sell me a picture again. But have you no conception of what the mystery is? It can't be murder, I suppose?"

"Oh no! nothing of that nature. It means that Mr. Lee has got embarrassed in his money affairs, and left home for a time to avoid his creditors—that's all, I suspect."

"Poor fellow," said Uncle Jerry, "it's a pity of him."

"It is," responded the priest, "a great pity; for he's an honorable, generous-hearted man as I've met in many a year."

"God comfort him," ejaculated Uncle Jerry again, twirling his thumbs as he looked through the window. "Oh dear! oh dear—what a poor sight, to see a high-minded, well-bred gentleman like him reduced so low—so low as to trim oil lamps for a living."

"It's hard," said the priest.

"Hard! Why, only think of it. Here am I, a miserable, good-for-nothing old imbecile, without kith or kin in the world, and yet plenty of money in my purse—and a comfortable house to live in, whilst down there in the black bins of Araheera there's a gentleman of birth and education, with an angel of a child to take care of, and not a shilling in his pocket to buy the common necessities of life. I declare it's awful."

"The ways of God are wonderful."

"Wonderful," repeated Uncle Jerry. "I tell you what, Father Brennan, one must be well fortified by religion to bear up against it. A beautiful girl like Mary Lee, pining away in poverty and solitude, working—working, night and day, night and day, at her easel to earn a morsel of bread, and I a worn out old rascal,

doing nothing, nay, occupying some useful body's place in the world, when I should have been kicked out of it long ago. Why sir, it's outrageous to think of it. It's actually outrageous."

"Stop—stop, take care, Mr. Guirkie," said the priest, "you talk too fast."

"Sir, it would provoke any man. I say if Aristotle were a saint, it would provoke him;" and Uncle Jerry rose and pushed back the chair violently.

"But this is taking God Almighty to task, Mr. Guirkie. You should remember he orders every thing for the best, and that inscrutable are his judgments, and unsearchable his ways."

"I know that. I know God is good, and I know all that seems strange to us now will be fully explained hereafter, of course. Why, if I didn't believe that I wouldn't put up with it half the time."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the priest—"put up with it. You haven't much to put up with, I should think!"

"No matter for that," said Uncle Jerry, "I have my own feelings on that point, and you know very well, Father John ——" (Here Mr. Guirkie was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Motherly).

"Humph! may I beg to know mam," said he, turning half round and looking angrily at his respectable house-keeper, "may I beg to know why we are interrupted?"

"It's no offence, I hope, to come with a message?" said Mrs. Motherly deprecatingly. "I niver thought it was."

"Didn't you?" said Uncle Jerry, turning his side to her, for he was afraid to look her in the face, "it's no matter what you thought."

"Don't be unkind to the good woman," said Father John, who understood Mr. Guirkie well, and knew all his little weaknesses respecting Mrs. Motherly. "Don't be unkind to her, Mr. Guirkie. She is a very excellent woman, is Mrs. Motherly."

"Humph—good enough if she only knew her place," muttered Uncle Jerry. "But I protest against her inveterate habit of interrupting me when I have company. I shan't tolerate it."

"Just listen to that, Father John, when he knows in his heart and soul that it's his own story he's tellin'."

"My own story, woman?"

"Yes, sir; jest yer own story. For ye niver have company in the house but ye thrate me this way. There's no livin with ye, when there's any body to the fore."

"And how is it when he's alone?" enquired the priest, smiling.

"He's as quiet as a lamb, your Reverence."

"It's false," said Mr. Guirkie, "I say it's false."

"False! Oh the Lord pardon ye sir, the lord pardon ye for beliein yerself; for I'd take it to my death, Father Brennan, there's not a quieter nor a kinder man livin, when he's by himself."

"Indeed!" said the priest, emphasizing the word, and looking significantly at Mr. Guirkie. "Ho! ho! that's the way of it!"

"Pray what do you mean, Mr. Brennan?" demanded Uncle Jerry.

"Oh nothing, nothing particular," replied the priest, who was fond of a quiet joke at Mr. Guirkie's expense. "I was merely thinking of what Captain Peter-sham says of you and Mrs. Motherly."

"Of me and Mrs. Motherly?" repeated Uncle Jerry.

"Of me and Mr. Guirkie?" echoed Mrs. Motherly. "What could he say of me, yer Reverence? I defy him to say any thing of me but what's dacent."

"Of course you do, Mrs. Motherly. You have always been, since you came to reside in my parish, an honest, respectable woman. Captain Petersham when he spoke of you and Mr. Guirkie, never pretended to insinuate —"

"Oh, I dar him to it," exclaimed the good woman, "I dar him to it, and he'll be here face to face, afore many minutes, for the message I came with was from his groom that he'd call here on his return from the barracks. I'll dar him to say any thing against my character. Och, och, it'd be a poor day with me, to hear my name now in the mouth of the people, after livin fourteen long years a widow, without man or mortal ever persumin to throw dirt at my door. Hierna! the Lord be about us, to spake of Mr. Guirkie and me, in the same breath."

"My good woman," said the priest, rising from his chair and approaching her, "you take this quite too seriously."

"Well, listen to me, yer Reverence, for a minit."

"No, no, not now—some other time—it's all a joke, you know."

"Joke; but I'll let neither man or woman joke with my kerakter, Father Brennan. I'll not lie under it, yer Reverence. Mr. Guirkie's a good man, sir, and a dacent man, and has the good will of rich and poor, but may I niver cross that flure again, if he had the vartues of all the saints in the collinder and all the goold in the bank of England to boot, if I'd ever as much as think of him, barrin as I ought to do, and as it becomes my place to do. I know he's kind to me, sir, and very kind to me —"

"Quit the room, mam," commanded Uncle Jerry, "quit the room, instantly;" and snatching the spectacles from his face, he motioned with them to the door. "I command you to quit the room."

"And yer house too," replied Mrs. Motherly, raising her apron to her eyes. "Oh dear, oh dear, isn't it a poor thing that an ould woman like me can't button her master's leggins, or tie his cravat, but he'll suspect her of thinking of what she niver dreamt of?"

"I suspect you!"

"Ay, just you, Mr. Guirkie, for I believe in my heart no one else could ever make up such a story. I don't deny that I liked ye for a master in spite of all yer odd ways, and that I tried to take care of you, when I seen ye couldn't take care of yerself, but it's little I thought ye'd conster my kindness in the way ye did."

"Mrs. Motherly," said Uncle Jerry, running his hands under his skirts, and bending towards his housekeeper, "may I beg to be informed whether I am master in this house, and if so, why don't you quit the room when I command you?"

"As for this cruel thratement, after so many years slavin and workin for ye, night and day," continued the weeping widow, without paying the least attention to her master's request, "I forgive ye for it."

"You're resolved then not to quit the room," said Uncle Jerry; "eh, have you actually made up your mind *not* to leave?"

"Och, hoch! ye'd be dead in yer grave many a year ago, Mr. Guirkie, only for the way I watched ye, for yer Reverence there, you know yerself, the poor man has no more wit nor a child —"

"Humph—I see you won't go, Mrs. Motherly. Very well then," said Uncle Jerry. I shall—let me pass."

As he rushed through the entrance hall of the cottage, his slippers clattering against his heels and his spectacles swinging from his fingers, the hall door opened and Captain Petersham entered, whip in hand.

"Soh ho! what now?" exclaimed the burly Captain.

"Good morning, sir," responded Uncle Jerry, bowing stiffly.

"You're excited, Mr. Guirkie, eh! What's the matter?"

"Excited; can't I get excited in my own house, if I please, Captain Petersham, without being obliged to account for it?"

"Undoubtedly, sir, most undoubtedly. Why not?"

"That is," said Uncle Jerry, correcting himself, "that is if I'm *master* of the house, but it seems I am not. My house-keeper, Mrs. Motherly there, is master;" and he glanced back at the parlor door.

"Ho, ho!" ejaculated the Captain, "it's only a lover's quarrel, then. Come, come, Mr. Gurkie, you musn't get angry with Mrs. Motherly if the good woman grows jealous with you now and then, you must try to conciliate her you know, the best way you can."

"Captain Petersham, your language is offensive," said Uncle Jerry, "and I shan't put up with it any longer."

"And Captain Petersham, you must clear my karacter this very minit," sobbed Mrs. Motherly, coming up from the parlor with her apron to her eyes, followed by Father John. "I'm a lone woman, sir, and have nothing but my karacter to depend on."

"By the lord Harry," exclaimed the Captain, looking from one to the other, "here's a pretty piece of work. Ho! ho! and Father Brennan, too. By George, sir, you're the very man. You can settle the whole of it in a jiffy."

"How so?"

"Why, marry them at once, sir. Marry them instantly. Nothing else will ever put a stop to their love quarrels."

Mr. Guirkie on hearing this could contain himself no longer. "Captain Petersham," he cried, "I shall not ask you to quit my house, for nobody ever did quit it yet at my request, and nobody ever will, I suppose, but, sir, I'll leave you and your friends to occupy the premises. For my part, I leave this neighborhood to-morrow, and seek for some place where I can live in peace."

"Mr. Guirkie, are you mad?" said Father John, stopping him as he turned the handle of the hall door.

"Gentlemen, dear, don't let him go out without his cap," said Mrs. Motherly, "and them slippers of his, sure they're no bether than brown paper—he'll ketch his death of cold. Oh *hierna! hierna!*"

"Mr. Brennan, am I to consider myself a prisoner in my own house?" demanded Mr. Guirkie.

As the priest was about to reply, the clatter of horses' feet was heard approaching, and the next instant Kate Petersham mounted on "Moll Pitcher," came cantering into the court yard, and reining up at the door, jumped from the side saddle.

"Mr. Guirkie, a word with you," said Kate, taking his arm, and leading him back to the parlor; "as for you, Father John, I must see you before the trial comes on."

*To be continued.*

## Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

**DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.**—*How the man of God with only a look loosed the bonds of the rustic.*—There was a certain Goth of the Arian heresy, Zalla by name, who persecuted the religious of the Catholic Church with the utmost cruelty; so that no ecclesiastic or monk whatever who came in his way, might leave his hands alive. One day when fired by his avaricious desires and thirst of plunder, he was vexing a certain countryman with cruel torments, and was putting him to the torture in various ways, the latter overcome by his pains declared that he had given up his goods to the servant of God, Benedict; hoping while his tormentor believed this story, to gain some rest from his cruelty and a few hours more to live. Zalla then ceased from tormenting the rustic, but binding his arms with strong thongs he set forth upon his horse, driving the other before him, to shew him who was the Benedict who had received his property. The rustic thus leading the way with his arms tied, conducted him to the monastery of the holy man, whom they found sitting alone and reading before the entrance of the house. The rustic then turning to the ferocious Zalla said: "Behold this is the Benedict of whom I told thee." He having looked upon him with his angry passions, and in the foolishness of his perverse mind thinking himself about to act with the terror which was his wont, with a loud voice called out: "Rouse up, rouse up, and restore the goods of this man, which thou hast received." At which words the man of God immediately raised his eyes from his book, and having looked upon him, he presently after turned his regard upon the countryman, confined with bonds; and when he bent his eyes upon his arms, the knotted thongs began in a marvellous manner to unfold themselves with such rapidity, that by no haste of men could they have been loosed so quickly. When then he who had come there bound stood thus suddenly released, Zalla, astonished at the might of his power, fell down, and bowing the rigid neck of his cruelty at his feet, commended himself to his prayers. The holy man however by no means left his reading, but calling the brothers, directed him to be conducted within, and food to be set before him, with blessing. Whom, when he returned before himself, he admonished to cease from his enormous cruelty. And he departing thus subdued, dared ask nothing more of the rustic, whom the man of God not with the touch of his hands, but with looking upon him, had set free. Behold, Peter, how as I have said, they who familiarly serve Almighty God, may sometimes of their power work wonders. For while still in his seat, he checked the ferocity of the terrible Goth, and with a glance dissolved the bonds and notted thongs which girded the arms of the innocent one, by the celerity itself of the miracle he shows, how with the power he had received he performed what he did. In the next place, I will shew how great a miracle of another kind he was able to obtain by his prayers.

**LIBERTY CAP.**—In the court of the temple of the Goddess of Liberty, the Roman prætor emancipated all slaves, who by money, important services, or otherwise, had obtained the right of freedom; when manumitted, they were presented by their masters with a white robe and an iron ring, and as none but freemen were allowed to cover their heads in Rome, a part of the ceremony consisted in giving a cap, such as was then worn. Hence Liberty and the cap became associated, and when medals were struck in honor of Brutus, Liberty was represented with the freeman's cap on one side and two daggers on the other. This emblem has since been adopted by almost all nations as the emblem of liberty. With the Spaniards at a very early period, with the Swiss and with the Americans, North and South, it has successively been a popular badge of freedom. The French, during their revolution, wished to establish the cap as a national emblem, but took the *bonnet rouge*, unluckily choosing the Phrygian cap, which belonged to a people who never knew freedom.

**MOZART'S REQUIEM.**—In the street Saint-Joseph, at Vienna, was a shop of ancient and modern curiosities, occupied by the honest George Rutler. Every week, for a long while, a pale faced gentleman might have been seen entering it, who after purchasing some little trinket, would stop and play awhile with the broker's little children. He was well known in person, seemed an old friend, and yet they knew not his name.

One morning, hearing Rutler hushing the noise of his children, he learned that Madame Rutler had given birth, a few hours before, to her twelfth child.

"The twelfth!" said he. "Have you a godfather, Mr. Rutler?"

"Alas, sir! godfathers are not lacking to the children of the rich; but I know not where I shall find one for this poor little new-born girl."

"Ah! Suppose then I do you the office, and we will call her Gabriella. And, if it please you I will remit you one hundred florins for the expenses of her baptism. I will not meddle at all with it, and here is my address, that you may let me know it when all is ready."

"Ah, sir! But how can I ever repay you for this favor?"

"I ask this only: that you will let me sit a few moments at this piano. The thought, with which, for a long time, I have endeavored to conclude a musical composition, has just flashed over me. If I do not try it now, it may escape me entirely."

The good man Rutler places a stool before the instrument; the gentleman seats himself, opens it, and, after a delicate prelude, touches the keys with an expression which proves him a perfect master. In a few minutes the passers-by pause at the shop door; the music acts like a charm upon the little ones, and they no longer need their father's voice to still their cries. All, adults and children, listen, spell-bound to the heavenly harmony, and they feel that the musician is Mozart himself.

Without giving the least attention to the crowd about him, as soon as he had judged himself of the effects of his inspiration, he took a sheet of paper, traced the air, rose with cheeks more flushed than usual, renewed his offer to his host, and departed.

About three days afterwards Rutler repaired to the indicated address; but he shuddered when he gained it, for a coffin stood at the door; Mozart was no more! Sad at heart, he returned, and with weeping eyes regarded the piano from whose keys had issued the *last* notes of Mozart; of that *requiem*, the conclusion of which a fatal pre-sentiment had for two months prevented.

The child of whom he desired to become the godfather received the name of Gabriella, as he had wished; and when the story became known, the curious ran in crowds to bargain with the broker for that piano which had been but a single time touched by the god of German music. It found more than one amateur ready to purchase it, and Rutler sold it finally for four hundred florins, which was the dowry of Gabriella.

**GOD IS PASSING BY.**—Where the gentle streamlets flow,  
Where the morning dew-drops glow,  
Where the zephyrs wing their flight  
In the cool and welcome night—  
Whispering through the fragrant grove  
To the heart that "God is love!"  
Where the light cloud skims the sky,  
Worship! "God is passing by!"  
Hoary forest, rugged rock,  
Roaring torrent, earthquake shock.  
And when thunder rends the sky,  
Tremble! "God is passing by!"

THAT WAS excellently observed, say I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken.

Swift.

**THE HONEST FATHER.**—The following story, whether veritable or otherwise, contains many salutary lessons, which we commend to our readers:

One evening, a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat together by the way-side, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in town, and was about to break it, and to give one-half to his boy.

"Not so father," said the boy, "I shall not eat till after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me, and you must be very hungry. I shall wait till you are done."

"I shall divide the loaf with my son, but eat it I shall not; I have abundance; and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from Heaven to nourish our immortal souls, how shall he not give us other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies."

The father and the son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several pieces of gold of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father.

"My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch the money; it is not ours."

"But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?"

"I know not yet to whom it belongs; but probably it was put there by the baker through some mistake. We must inquire. Run."

"But father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf, and then the baker may tell a lie, and ——"

"I will not listen to you, my boy, I bought the loaf, but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him. Remember Him who tells us to do to others as we would have others do to us. I am poor indeed, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, O let us share also his goodness and his trust in God. We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done, should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, trust God and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to shame. Now run to the baker, and bring him here, and I shall watch the gold till he comes!"

So the boy ran for the baker.

"Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money;" and he showed the baker the gold, and how it had been found.

"Is it thine?" asked the father; "if it is, take it away."

"My father, baker, is very poor, and ——"

"Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this poor man from losing his money."

The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf.

"Thou art indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbor, David the flax-dresser, spoke the truth when he said thou wert the honestest man in town.—Now, I shall tell thee of the gold:—A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf and told me to sell it cheap, or give it away to the honestest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me as a customer, this morning; as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee as thou knowest for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf with all its treasure—and certain it is not small—is thine; and may God grant thee a blessing with it."

The poor father bent his head to the ground, while tears ran from his eyes. The boy ran and put his head upon his neck, and said, "I shall always do like you, my father; trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put me to shame."

THE mind has more room in it than most people think, if you would but furnish the apartments.

Gray.

**FOOLSCAP PAPER.**—Everybody knows what "foolscap paper" is, but would probably be puzzled to tell how it came to bear that singular cognomen. Well, when Charles I found his revenue short, he granted certain privileges amounting to monopolies, and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich, and enriched the government at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At this time, all the English paper bore in water marks the royal arms. The Parliament under Cromwell, made jests and jeers at his law in every conceivable manner, and among other indignities to the memory of Charles it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper, and the fool's cap and bells be substituted. These were also removed when the Rump Parliament was prorogued, but paper of the size of the Parliament's journals still bears the name of "foolscap."

**THE IMMORAL PRESS OF GREAT BRITAIN.**—It appears from the *Edinburgh Review*, that the total number of immoral publications issued is 29,000,000 annually, being more than all the publications of the different religious societies, and the seventy religious magazines. The present circulation in London itself of deeply immoral publications amounts to 4,000,000 weekly, and in one large manufacturing town alone, the weekly issue of an impious, blasphemous paper exceeds 23,000; the editor and proprietor of the paper both deny the existence of a God!

**PARODY.**—We take the following excellent parody from an exchange, slightly altered from the original:

Lives there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said:  
I will a *Catholic monthly* take,  
Both for my own and children's sake?  
If such there be let him repent  
And have our *monthly* to him sent.

**RESOLUTIONS.**—Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it. Not on any occasion to relate it.

Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing from me in political or religious opinions.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

To aim at cheerfulness, without levity.

Never to court the favors of the rich by flattering either their vices or their vanities.

**WHAT THE PRESS SHOULD BE—**

Firm in the right, the daily press should be  
The tyrant's foe, the champion of the free;  
Faithful and constant to its sacred trust,  
Calm in its utterance, in its judgment just;  
Wise in its teaching, incorrupt, and strong  
To spend the right and to denounce the wrong;  
Long may it be ere candor must confess,  
On Freedom's shore a weak and venal press.

**TARRING AND FEATHERING.**—This, it seems, is not a "peculiar institution" of the country, but is an European invention as well as a Tupinamban. Holinshed records the following ordinance of Richard I (1190) for seamen: "If any man be taken with theft or pickery, and thereof convicted, he shall have his head polled, and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that, the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft, that he may thereby be known for a thief; and at the next arrival of the ships to any land, be put forth of the company to seek his adventures, without all hope of return unto his fellows."

*Mills' Hist. of Crusades.*

**THE FREE FLAG OF AMERICA.**—Here is a gem from the isle of emeralds, which poetically pictures the famine-period, when in Ireland's night of gloom the stars of the republic shone out and irradiated her dark and dismal sky. As it seems not impossible, says the *Dublin Nation*, that the stars and the stripes may be flashing in Irish waters ere long, is there any reason why we should not hail it, yet happily at peace with our lords and masters:

Flag of the free! I remember me well,  
 When your stars in our dark sky were shining,  
 'Twas the season when men like the cold rain fell,  
 And poured into graves unrepining—  
 'Twas the season when darkness and death rode about,  
 In the eye of the day dim with sorrow,  
 And the mourner's song had scarce strength to moan out,  
 E're he followed his sire on the morrow.

Flag of the free! I behold you again,  
 And I blessed God who guarded me ever—  
 And I found in your shade that the children of men—  
 Half the glory of Adam recover—  
 And they tell me—the knaves!—thou dost tipify sin,  
 That thy folds fling infection around them—  
 That thy stars are but spots of the plague that's within,  
 And which shortly will raging surround them.  
 Not so! oh not so, thou bright pioneer banner,  
 Thou art not what factions miscall thee;  
 Where humanity is, there must ever be honor,  
 Shame can't stain, let what else may befall thee,  
 Over Washington's march, o'er the Macedon's freight;  
 When flying the angel's ordained thee;  
 "The flag of the free, the beloved of fate,  
 And the hope of mankind," have they named thee.

**RULES FOR STUDY.**—Professor Davis, an eminent mathematician, in conversing with a young friend of his upon the importance of system in studying, as well as in every thing else, took a piece of paper and wrote off the following important rules: 1. Learn one thing at a time. 2. Learn that thing well. 3. Learn its connections, as far as possible with all other things. 4. Believe that to know everything of something, is better than to know something of everything.

**TO MAKE APPLE PIES WITHOUT APPLES.**—One cup of sugar, one tea-spoonful of tartaric acid, two cups of water, one cup of light bread crumbled fine, one egg. Season with lemon or any thing that suits the taste. Let the water be warm when the bread is put in, that it may soak soft. Bake with a crust, as you would an apple pie.

**A COMPARISON.**—A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who delight to torture lost spirits.

**WHAT LITERATURE IS.**—Poetry is said to be the flower of literature, prose is the corn, potatoes and meat; satire is the aquafortis, wit is the spice and pepper; love letters are the honey and sugar; letters containing remittances are the apple-dumplings.

It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind, that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to see them without it as to hope for a harvest where we have not sown the seed.

**PRUSSIAN NEWSPAPERS.**—The police of Berlin have forbidden newspapers to admit advertisements for wives and husbands, on the ground that they are contrary to propriety.

## Review of Current Literature.

1. HOMERIC BALLADS AND COMEDIES OF LUCIAN, translated by the late William Maginn, LL. D. Annotated by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is the fourth volume of a series of books, published by Redfield, comprising the literary labors of the brilliant and accomplished Maginn.

The Homeric Ballads consist of detached portions of the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*, translated into the various ballad measures of our language, and into some metres that can by no means be entitled ballad measures. Thus we have one in the Spenserian stanza, and another in the irregular or syllabic verse, of which Sir Walter Scott was so fond. In this collection, Mr. Maginn has done in English, what the rhapsodists did in Greek, split up Homer into independent songs, and treated each extract as a separate and distinct poem. The translations are executed with both accuracy and spirit, qualities which it is not always easy to combine.

Accompanying them we have some capital bits of philological criticism, which not only assist the general reader to the comprehension of the translations, but constitute valuable annotations upon the original text. Pope is criticised with that severity with which a reader of the original must necessarily regard a paraphrase which wanders as far as possible from its text. Mr. Maginn shows that the English poet has completely misconceived the spirit of his author and produced a poem altogether different from that of the ancient Greek. It is emphatically *Pope's Iliad*; nothing could well be more unlike *Homer's*. Still, with all these capital defects, Mr. Maginn consents to consider the production of Alexander Pope a splendid work of art. To coincide with him, we shall be compelled to consider the English *Iliad* as a near adaptation of the Greek poem to the artificial taste of the days of Queen Anne and admire it as we should admire the ingenuity of the trimmer of box borders, who while he violates the grace and propriety of nature, produces a result which gives pleasure to the spectator and has a sort of fitness in the formal arrangements of which it is a part.

The translation of Lucian's Comedies is also worthy of commendation. Mr. Maginn has caught the scoffing spirit of the Greek *Voltaire*, and has rendered his nervous prose into vigorous blank verse.

2. PAUL FERROL, a tale by the author of "IX Poems by V." From the fourth English edition. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We do not know when we have read a more thoroughly disagreeable and purposeless novel. It is a printed night-mare. The hero of the novel murders his wife in the first chapter, but his guilt is concealed from the reader till near the close of the volume. He marries an early love, lives a life of intellectual pleasures passionately devoted to his wife, and desiring her to be as wholly given up to him. Throughout the volume we can detect no twinge of remorse. He is as indifferent to the act as is the steel with which the murder is committed. There remains in him, however, a certain savage sense of justice and honor, which does not allow him to shield himself from punishment at the expense of an innocent victim. Accordingly when such an one, who has been guilty of some little pilfering from the dead body, has been arrested on suspicion of the murder, the real culprit, after bidding a passionate farewell to his wife and young daughter, hastens to the authorities and surrenders himself. He pleads guilty and is of course condemned. His daughter induces her lover, upon whose suit the father has frowned, to interfere and bribe the jailers. He does so, and escapes. He hastens to America, leaving behind him the corpse of the wife, who died heart-broken, at the intelligence of her husband's guilt. In this country, attended and cheered by his daughter, he dies, and the novel ends.

What possible object the author could have had in writing such a story we cannot even conjecture. We would say that its moral effect was exceedingly bad, if we thought

that the hero could excite interest sufficient in his fate to excite any influence upon the readers of the novel. He is too cold, too thoroughly inhuman to do any thing of the sort; and therefore the story, though worse in its moral tone than Bulwer's Eugene Aram, cannot be expected to do the same amount of mischief.

3. **LE CORRESPONDANT.** A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Religion and Literature. Paris: Charles Douniol. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have received seven numbers of this able periodical, commencing from Oct. 25, 1855, the first number of a new series. A work like the *Correspondant* is bound to make a strong impression upon the public mind, particularly among the educated and cultivated classes. A mere enumeration of its contributors, would prove its claim to respectful attention, showing that many of the first intellects of France make it the channel to convey their thoughts to the world at large. We have not yet been able to read many of the articles, but we may mention several which have arrested our attention, selected at random, and not for any known superiority over others: *De L'Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre*, by M. de Montalembert; *De Quelques Tendances de la Littérature Française*, by M. de Lacombe; *L'Univers et Le Correspondant*, by M. de Caux; *Washington et Lafayette*, by M. de Metz-Noblat; *Le Correspondant et la Littérature*, by M. de Pontmartin; *Des Caractères de la Polemique Religieuse Actuelle*, by M. de Broglie; *Conférences de Toulouse*, by R. P. Lacordaire, &c.

Besides the able contributions named above, and others, by distinguished men whose services are engaged by *Le Correspondant*, we find a gratuitous contribution, equally unlooked for and unwelcome, we presume, in the February number, "*Signé, Billault,*" and countersigned by *Le Commissaire de Police*, CH. NUSSE. In other words, the proprietors of *Le Correspondant* had published in the preceding number an article distasteful to the ruling powers, and had called down upon themselves an *Avertissement*, a gentle admonition to rein up a little or take the consequences. The offending article was one we have mentioned, *Des Caractères de la Polemique Religieuse Actuelle*, by M. de Broglie. The proprietor of the Magazine appeared quite surprised at the action of the government, and he remarked that "The notice sent us leaves us entirely ignorant what portions of the article of M. Le Prince de Broglie appeared to deserve this penalty. It is well known, moreover, that this act of authority cannot be followed by any commentary."

Of course our American curiosity was piqued to know what kind of illicit traffic in literature had thus been visited by imperial censure, and the condemned article, like forbidden fruit, became the first object of attraction.

We gave it then a rapid reading, and found many good things in it certainly, but withal a little sauciness of manner towards the government. There was more perhaps, implied than expressed, and accustomed as we are to the broadest charges against our ruling powers, we could scarcely detect anything sufficiently explicit to call for restraint. Doubtless an insinuation expresses more in France than the most violent diatribes do here, but this rigid censorship of the press is to us something beyond comprehension. There is, or was, a somewhat acrid discussion going on between *L'Univers* and *Le Correspondant*, of the merits of which we are not prepared to judge; M. de Broglie's general propositions appear to us to be sound and well timed, if not always conclusive. He says a portion of the religious press of France has a defiant tone towards those not friendly to the Church, and he thinks more mildness and forbearance would answer a better purpose. He says decidedly that this tone is injuring the cause of religion instead of advancing it. This being an *ex parte* statement, we can only say, that if true, "more's the pity." He informs us, moreover, that the general expression of the world's press is less favorable to religion now than a few years back, which he accounts for as follows: Hope and fear are the principal motive forces in the human breast. At the revolution of 1848 the people of France were struck with terror, and they crowded around the altars of God to save them from such terrible chastisements as had fallen upon them before, and to ask for the reinstatement of religious authority.

In time, from various causes, the ardor of that time cooled down, and the press adapted itself to the spirit of its patrons. And now, notwithstanding that the churches are well filled with devout worshippers, there is a hostility springing up in various quarters, at war with this spirit of devotion. Perhaps M. de Broglie colors his picture too highly, and overrates this hostile feeling, he writes like an advocate and we think he does, but be it as he says, what does it signify? Is it the sufficient cause for melancholy forbodings? we think not. It is but the ancient warfare between the world and the Church, which may be stilled for awhile, but which can never cease. In past ages the nature of the war was different, but now the surges of infidelity sweep over every land. How can France be exempt? The gates of hell are powerful, always were, and always will be—yet they can never prevail. And so indeed, he says, there is a tendency towards an extensive combination and reaction against the Church, over all of which she will triumph in the end, "*qui en doute?*" but after great losses and trials.

He says well, elsewhere, that the Church was constituted by her divine founder to adapt herself to all forms of government, without identifying herself with any; she has survived all revolutions of human affairs; she has borne the imperial despotism of the Cæsars, has partaken of the organization of the feudal sovereignties, has sustained the tempered monarchy of Christian Kings, and thrives now upon the republican soil of America, sustaining all without consolidation with any form. He would not have her now bound up with any existing absolute power of chance growth, or depending upon the caprice of the multitude—with a power that emergency (or necessity) creates, that force maintains, that chance changes! Let him not fear, however, for he has already told us how she has ever survived all the mutations of human affairs, and how she has avoided consolidation with any form of government.

We cannot pursue this further, nor pronounce any sentence on the actual religious polemics agitating France, or on the special differences between *Le Correspondant* and *L'Univers*, or other religious papers. We must say, however, that the former appears to give a generally correct view of the theories, views and principles, religious and literary, of many of the first men of France.

4. GLEANINGS: SOME WHEAT—SOME CHAFF. By Miss A. A. Goddard. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Miss Goddard, in her preface to this book, hopes that it "may escape the rough growlings of some unsympathizing critic." While we earnestly hope that the prayer of the fair authoress may be heard, we beg leave to assure her that we do not belong to that unsympathizing class, and so far from "growling" at the grateful present she has offered us, we take pleasure in commending it to our readers.

5. RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TABLE-TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This book is, we believe, made up of gleanings from the writings of the distinguished man whose name it bears, but is given to the public without the name of an author to vouch for the authenticity of its contents, an omission which we much regret. Whether it be the veritable production of the pen of the great poet and scholar or not, it contains much that is agreeable and entertaining. Its chief staple, however, is anecdote, detailing many peculiarities of the private life, amusing incidents, witticism, and caustic sayings of the literati of England, with whom Rogers was for so long a period familiar.

6. MARGARET MAITLAND OF SUNNYSIDE. By Mrs. Olyphant. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It may be that our penetration is somewhat obscured, or that we do not understand the half Scotch in which the book is written, but we confess that we have failed, after several trials, to discover what has been the aim of Mrs. Olyphant in the work she has presented to the public. It fails to amuse; it imparts no instruction, at least to our mind; and its style would tire the patience of any mortal, unless he would impose the reading on himself by way of penance.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The public will learn with pleasure that Messrs. Murphy & Co. will shortly issue the following works, viz.

**ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY AND TRIGONOMETRY.** By *B. Sestini*, S. J., author of *Analytical Geometry*, *Elementary Algebra*, and *A Treatise on Algebra*—Professor of *Natural Philosophy* and *Astronomy* in *Georgetown College*.

To those engaged in the laborious duty of teaching, it must afford much satisfaction to know that such men as Prof. Sestini have undertaken the arduous task of simplifying and rendering more pliant the instruments, if we may use the expression, of imparting instruction. Of the learned Prof. it is unnecessary to speak; his well known reputation, and the numerous works with which his name is connected, are a sufficient guarantee for the character of the new work shortly to be presented to the public.

One of the chief merits of Prof. Sestini's *Mathematical Works*, and one that has rendered them so deservedly popular, is the clearness and brevity with which they present to the pupil the most difficult mathematical problems. Touching this subject, we transcribe the following observations from the preface of the work, now being prepared.

"But the opinions of men vary with the times; and one who in our days would venture to recommend the abridgment of the time commonly given, in modern institutions, to natural sciences, and given, not unfrequently with considerable prejudice, to a more solid instruction in literature and moral philosophy, would be censured as the ignorant advocate of an obsolete theory. . . . .

"The preceding remarks have already furnished the reason of the plan followed in the present elementary work: and, first, since geometry is not to be severed now from the other branches of mathematics, but forms part of the same science with them and succeeds algebra, he who teaches or writes a *Geometry* for schools, supposes the knowledge of algebra, or at least some practice in algebraical language. In the present work, with the exception of the doctrine of ratios and proportions, which is common to all the various branches of mathematics, it may be said that nothing is supposed or borrowed from algebra, except its language; and he who objects to it as a mixing up of algebra with simple geometry would judge as some did of the publications of the Baron of Zach, written with Greek characters, but in the French language, and thought by them to be Greek, when, in fact, it was nothing else but French. But, some would ask, why make use of the algebraic language in geometry? I would ask in my turn, Why do you wish that geometry should succeed algebra? Is it not to derive some benefit from algebra? But I will rather propose another question: Is it not you who require to travel over a long journey in a short time? The algebraic language is laconic: it says much in a few words; and that which, if expressed in the old style, would require a book, may be reduced to a few pages by the use of the terminology of algebra, whilst the reasoning remains still as vigorous and as lucid as before. In this manner you secure copiousness of matter and economy at the same time, and the pupil is prevented from losing the practice of algebraic language."

**THE LIFE OF MRS. ELIZA A. SETON**, Foundress and first Superior of the Sisters, or Daughters of Charity, in the United States. By the Rev. *Charles I. White*, D.D.

No work ever issued from the Catholic press of America has met with a more flattering reception from the public than the "**LIFE OF MRS. SETON.**" Its instructive and interesting character, arising from the variety and importance of the details presented in the narrative, gives it a charm for every class of readers. Whether we view the subject of this biography in youth or mature age, as a daughter or a mother, as an inquirer after religious truth, or as a member of the Church, in secular or in the seclusion consecrated to the practice of the evangelical counsels, she appears, at all times, a model for imitation. In a literary point of view, her letters and other writings are admirable specimens of English style, remarkable for their force and elegance. In addition to these features of the work, it is so constructed as to embody the more prominent events in the history of the Church in the United States during the period which it embraces.

GRANTLEY MANOR, the well known and favorite novel, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. To be followed by other works of this distinguished authoress.

Lady Fullerton is indeed a novelist—not a mere tale-writer; but, with all her power and ability, she seeks no artistic triumph. Her novels have a lesson—a moral—of practical utility; while every page contains observations and suggests reflections that cannot fail to excite noble and generous feelings in the hearts of the young. Her works have become a part of the standard Catholic literature of our language. Amid the host of lady writers who have contributed their portion during the present century, there are few who surpass her, or even vie with her. There is a charm and beauty in her narrative totally independent of the descriptive power to which of late so exaggerated a position is assigned. She paints characters, not inanimate scenery.

A UNIFORM SERIES OF THE POPULAR TALES AND ROMANCES of M. Hendrik Conscience, the great novelist of Belgium.

The Flemish author, whose works are about to be presented to American readers, has long enjoyed an European reputation. He was born at Antwerp, of French parentage; and, although perfectly familiar with his paternal language, chose to select the old familiar tongue of the Flemings to introduce his admirable stories to the understanding and heart of his countrymen. It might have been supposed that their publication in a dialect so uncommon throughout the continent, would have limited his readers to Belgium and Holland; but such was the interest excited by his descriptive power, his pathos, humor and originality, that we find his books were speedily translated in Germany, and followed by editions in English at London, French at Paris, Danish at Copenhagen, Italian in Italy, and even in Bohemian at Prague. As a writer of fiction he has perhaps never been surpassed. His romances possess the varied interest of Scott, Dickens and Anderson; while his every day stories are full of nature, simplicity, humor and pathos which have made Boz and Anderson household names throughout our country. A British writer has well remarked that the characteristics of his works "are a hearty, sincere appreciation and love of the poor in all its forms; a genial sympathy with its occupations, its joys and sorrows; a recognition of its dignity, and an earnest, reverent treatment of all its conditions."

The first volume contains three tales, the first of which is a bold description of the ravages of intemperance, that bane of villages in the old world as well as the new. The second story is a humorous account of the discomforts and disasters of an humble and industrious family by a sudden accession of wealth, and teaches the admirable moral of contentment with our lot in the world. The sketch of "Blind Rosa," is one of those simple and rapid narratives in which the delicate and tender characteristics of M. Conscience are peculiarly displayed. The second volume of the series, "Lion of Flanders," which the British press has well compared with the most striking portions of "Ivanhoe" and "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." The third, "Tales of Old Flanders;" "Count Hugo of Craenhove;" "Wooden Clara," and "The Village Innkeeper." The fourth will present another admirable romance in "Veva; or, the War of the Peasants," and "The Conscript;" while the fifth will close the series with "The Miser," "Rickettack," and that excellent story of pathetic humor, "The Poor Gentleman."

THE CATHOLIC BOOK BUSINESS IN THE U. S.—One of the gratifying evidences of the progress and increase of Catholicity is the constant increase of Catholic Booksellers throughout our vast country. It is but a few years since their number was very limited beyond the Publishers in our large cities, but now we find them springing up rapidly in all parts, and conducting their business with that degree of intelligence, energy and zeal that must insure success.

We have been led to these remarks by a recent letter shown us from the gentlemanly and efficient agent for the Metropolitan in New Orleans, Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, announcing that he had removed to a new and elegant store, enlarged his business, &c. It is but a few years ago since Mr. O'Donnell commenced his present business, with small means and limited experience.—His success is an evidence of what perseverance and industry, combined with honesty and prudence, can accomplish even under the most disadvantageous circumstances. We wish him increased success, and congratulate the citizens of New Orleans, on having such a worthy gentleman engaged in the business in their city.

## Editors' Table.

"It is really too bad, Mr. Oliver; here we are at the end of the month, with scarcely a single line of poetry wherewith to treat our readers. Our poetical contributors have either become bankrupt or conspired against us with a full determination to starve us outright. It is too bad, Mr. Oliver; and if I had but the smallest portion of time at my disposal, I would write my own poetry, and would not be beholding to a single one of them."

"They are excusable, Mr. O'Moore, for if the old adage be true, they are unaccountable beings."

"Really, Mr. Oliver, this is too severe a rub," rejoined O'Moore, rising and making a circuit of the room. "Unaccountable beings! Mad, you mean, Mr. Oliver; you might as well use the plain English word. What a compliment! The Homers, the Virgils, the Miltons, the Byrons, and the Moores, were a set of poor demented mortals! It is well for you, Mr. Oliver, that a few of those 'unaccountable beings' are not present to hear your comments, otherwise I fear it would be difficult for you to escape violence at their hands."

"Pardon me, Mr. O'Moore, I see you take the matter seriously. I assure you I meant no disrespect to the favored sons of the muse. I only alluded to an old proverb, for the truth of which I cannot vouch."

"No disrespect!" added O'Moore, ironically. "But tell, Mr. Oliver, did you ever write a single stanza of poetry in your life?"

"Once only," was the modest reply.

"And did you grow mad in the effort?"

"If that be one of the usual effects of poetical inspiration, I confess I did."

"Then indeed, Mr. Oliver," said O'Moore with a smile, "I verily believe you have never entirely recovered from the fit."

This caused a hearty laugh in the company, in which Mr. Oliver himself joined with the utmost good humor.

"Well, come, let us see what our Table contains," said Father Carroll, who enjoyed the dialogue of his two colleagues. "Here is something in the shape of poetry," continued the Rev. gentleman, holding up a paper.

"Its title?" demanded O'Moore.

"*How Sweet it is to Pray.*"

"That's something really that escaped my notice. Read a line or two of it, Father Carroll, that we may judge of its merit."

The Rev. gentleman then read as follows:

When the heartless world heeds thee not  
In thy sorrows' lonely gloom,  
When thy hopes, so fondly cherished, lie  
In the dark, dreary tomb;  
When the dear one thy heart so loved  
Is gone for e'er away,  
How sweet it is to turn to God—  
How sweet it is to pray!

"That's passable; let us have a little more of it," observed O'Moore at the conclusion of the above.

When freedom's gone from thy native hills,  
When tyranny's foul hand  
Defiles their sacred beauty—when  
O'er thy loved stricken land  
Slavedom's desolation weeps  
The dreary hours away—  
When thou'rt a slave—in living death!  
How sweet it is to pray!

"How long is the piece?" inquired O'Moore, interrupting the reading.

"Only four closely written pages."

"Four pages! Then I am sure our readers have quite sufficient. The author should study metre, rhyme, harmony, yea, the whole art of poetry, before he again invokes the muse of song."

"Here is still another effusion—a selection," said Father Carroll, opening a neatly folded paper, which he read as follows:

#### THE HOMESTEAD.

It is not as it used to be,  
When you and I were young;  
When round each elm and maple tree  
The honey-suckles clung;  
But still I love the cottage where  
I passed my early years,  
Though not a single face is there  
That memory endears.

It is not as it used to be!  
The moss is on the roof,  
And from their nests beneath the eaves,  
The swallows keep aloof.  
The robins—how they used to sing  
When you and I were young;  
And how did flit the wild bee's wing  
The opening flowers among!

It is not now as it used to be!  
The voices loved of yore,  
And the forms we were wont to see,  
We see and hear no more.  
No more! Alas, we look in vain,  
For those to whom we clung,  
And love as we can love but once,  
When you and I were young.

"Permit me, Mr. O'Moore, to offer the following selected verses. I am no poet, nor even a judge of poetry, but I think they will be found acceptable to our readers. They were written after witnessing the solemn and imposing ceremony of Confirmation."

"Truly, then, Mr. Oliver, your judgment is better than your taste," replied O'Moore, after reading the verses. "Beautiful lines! and worthy of a place in our pages. This, Mr. Oliver, will atone for your severe criticism on poets."

Tread softly through the sacred aisle,  
And humbly join in prayer;  
For 'tis a solemn hour to all  
True Christians gathered there,  
As meekly kneel a silent band  
To share a right divine—  
And solemnly the prelate paused,  
Who dealt the holy sign,  
Ere on each bow'd and youthful head,  
His consecrated hands he laid.

"Oh, Lord! defend thy servant now!"  
The tones are in my ears;  
They bring again the blessed thoughts,  
The scenes of other years.  
It comes again! a kneeling band—  
A home—far distant now—  
The pressure of a solemn hand—  
The mem'ry of a vow;  
With thoughts of that now broken chain  
Which earth may never link again.

"Oh, Lord! defend thy servant now!"  
 How fervent was the tone!  
 Urging that youthful throng to cling  
 With hope to Christ alone:  
 To leave a false, delusive world,  
 Its smiles and frowns to dare;  
 And as they owned the Holy Cross—  
 The cross indeed to bear—  
 For God alone, in mercy free  
 To us, must shield and shelter be.

Oh, Lord! the dew upon the flower,  
 The first fruits of the tree—  
 Youth, in its glorious morning hour,  
 Were they not offered thee?  
 The fervent prayer, the contrite tear,  
 Laid on thine altar's shrine,  
 Are they not cherished in thine eye?  
 Then, Saviour, with thy love divine,  
 Keep through thine own eternal grace,  
 That band who bow'd in holy place.

"The following, Mr. O'Moore, taken from an exchange, is a modern poet's views of what a prudent man should be; it contains more true philosophy," continued Father C., "than a volume of that which now passes under the name of poetry:"

THE PRUDENT MAN.

Life's tenure warns the prudent man,  
 The path of virtue to pursue,  
 And keep the future still in view;  
 And, like a christian pilot, plan,  
 To reach that unseen, happy shore,  
 Where human ills are felt no more.

Hence, tho' temptation's wiles beset  
 His hours of labor, or of rest,  
 Of meekest tempers of the test,  
 He feels earth's trials must be met;  
 And joys he can't eschew a lot,  
 Which purity itself could not.

E'en on his couch he feels delight  
 To speed his orisons on high,  
 Like yonder tenant of the sky,  
 He sings his sweetest praise by night;  
 For flowers of prayer in heaven bloom,  
 When all else moulder in the tomb.

From ways he shrinks that lure to sin,  
 And shuns the first approach of crime,  
 Which rampant stalks ahead of time,  
 And hearkens to the voice within:  
 He knows this course, a few brief years,  
 Will death divest of many fears.

The more he finds earth's ways are vain,  
 And knows God's moral laws change not,  
 By some unheeded, nay—forgot,  
 The more he strives heaven's love to gain,  
 And, Friend, you know 'tis life to try,  
 To learn to be prepared to die.

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON AND ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE.—We have hitherto failed to allude to the ably written and interesting Biographical Sketches, which have appeared in the present volume. To the learned and distinguished author we tender our grateful thanks; he has placed us as well as our readers under many obligations for the valuable services he has rendered in the cause of Catholic literature. The memoir of the illustrious Carroll of Carrollton, which we give in the present number, will be read with more than ordinary interest. If there be aught that we can add to give in-

creased interest to it, it would be a more direct allusion to the noble act of munificence, which crowned the declining years of the venerable patriot—an act that adds special lustre to his name, and which should increase the veneration in which he is held among the Catholics of the United States. We allude to the liberal donation which he made a few years previously to his death towards erecting a preparatory ecclesiastical seminary, in which young men might be trained for the sacred office of the priesthood. This institution, under the name of St. Charles' College, was, by his own application and request, chartered by the Legislature of Maryland in the year 1830. Its venerable patron was present at the laying of the corner-stone, but did not live to witness the completion of the building. It was not until the year 1848 that the earnest desire of his heart was realised, as the college did not go into operation before that period.

Since that time the number of its students has been steadily increasing; and by the munificence of individuals, and the charity of the churches of the archdiocese of Baltimore, the seminary has been enabled to continue, without embarrassment, its work of mercy and love, imparting gratuitous instruction to some, requiring a moderate compensation from others, diffusing among all the benefits of a moral and religious education, and thus laying the foundation of a learned, pious and devoted priesthood.

### A GOLD MEDAL AND LETTER FROM HIS HOLINESS, PIUS IX.

We are happy, for the honor of our city, to publish the letter, which the firm of Messrs. Murphy & Co. received this week from Rome. These gentlemen, in common with their fellow Catholic publishers throughout the Union, have labored earnestly for many years in the cause of religion. Signal success has crowned their meritorious services; and though the emoluments of trade have not failed to reward their enterprise and industry, they feel a higher satisfaction in the consideration of the religious fruits which, they hope, have resulted from their numerous and valuable publications. If we count the small number of Catholic works which were on the shelves of our libraries a few years ago, and now contemplate the list of valuable books which they display, we ought to praise as well as pay the men, who, in so short a period, have done so valuable a service to the public.

A few months since a young gentleman going to the Eternal City, rendered our friends the kindness to carry out a richly embellished copy of the Documents relating to the dogmatical decree of the Immaculate Conception, to present in their name with their most respectful and humble compliments, to his Holiness Pius IX. From the benignant courtesy which always marks the conduct of the Court of Rome, they have had the distinguished honor to receive the following acknowledgment, and testimonial of their labors, by the hands of a young clergyman, returning from the Propaganda College to the diocese of Charleston.

On two former occasions the Holy Father was pleased to signify his approval of their labors, by letters bearing his own sign-manual, which they treasured in silence. At the urgent recommendation of some friends, they have consented to publish this, not so much to proclaim the honors bestowed on them by the Head of the Catholic Church, as to show the kindness and paternal sentiments, with which the Sovereign Pontiff regards the most distant members of his flock.

The rich Gold Medal, which the Holy Father sends to Messrs. M. & Co. is similar to those which he distributed to the Cardinals and Prelates of that solemn assembly gathered around his august person, on the ever memorable eighth of December, 1864. We subjoin the Holy Father's letter, with a translation:

ILLMI DNI DNI COLDMI:

Excepit libenti plane animo Maximus Pontifex Pius IX. librum, quem obsequentissimis Vestris Litteris dono Eidem offerre voluistis, in quo Dogmatici Decreti de Immaculata Virginis et Matris Dei Mariæ Conceptione Acta referre, et versione anglicana adjecta, typis edere voluistis. Huic officio, ut verbis suis responderem mihi summus idem Pontifex injunxit, qui non parum in Vestra ejus modi fide, pietate ac religione gavius est. Mitti Ipse ad Vos, quod unum supererat, numisma in memoriam dogmatici ejus Decreti curam ex auri Australis primitiis: ac paternæ præcipueque in Vos caritatis sue pignus adjungit Apostolicam Benedictionem, quam Vestrum singulis in coelestis omnes gratiæ auspiciis amanter impertitus est.

Superest, ut opportuna hac occasione studium iterato tester mei in Vos obsequii, ac fausta et salutaria omnia enixe Vobis ipsis proser a Domino.

Vestri, Illmi. Dni.

Dat: Romæ die 2. Aprilis 1866.

Humillimus et Addictissimus Servas

DOMINICUS FIORAMONTI,

Illmi. Dni. Nri. ab Epistolis Latinis.

Illmis. Dnis. Coldmis. Dnis. Joanni Murphy et Typographis Bibliopollaque sociis Baltimorem.

Honorable and Respected Sirs:

The Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX, has received with great pleasure the book, which according to your most respectful letter you desired to present to him, containing the acts and documents relating to the dogmatical decree of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, with the English translation of the same, published by yourselves. For this service, the Sovereign Pontiff has commanded me to convey to you in his own words, that he is greatly rejoiced by your faith, piety and religion. He himself sends to you, the only remaining medal, struck in memory of the dogmatical decree, from the first Australian gold received here; and as a pledge of his paternal and high regard for you he adds his Apostolic Benediction, which he lovingly imparts to each of you as an earnest of every heavenly favor.

I embrace this opportunity to repeat to you the expression of my high consideration, and to earnestly beseech our Lord to grant you all success and happiness.

Given at Rome, April 24, 1866.

Your most humble and obedient servant,

DOMINIC FIORAMONTI,  
Secretary of Latin letters.

To Messrs. John Murphy & Co.

Printers and Booksellers, Baltimore.

## Record of Events.

From May 20, to June 20, 1856.

### FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—It is not an easy task at present to understand the political condition of Italy, and especially of Rome. Since the close of the Peace Congress, at Paris, the English and Continental journals have had much to say in the affairs of Italy. They would have us believe that England, France and Austria had taken upon themselves the guardianship of the affairs of Italy; that they were about to dictate to Naples, Tuscany and even to His Holiness Pope Pius IX, how they should govern their states, and all this to gratify Sardinia, and her infidel Minister, Count de Cavour. The London Times tells us that the "Italian Question" must be settled; meaning thereby that Italy must, *volens volens*, accept such reforms as England and her neighbors may desire. The same journal states that France and Austria despatched notes, urgent and pressing, to the Neapolitan government, demanding something in the way of reforms, though "no reforms are positively indicated." In the British Parliament, Lord Clarendon has consented to produce the papers addressed by Sardinia to the Paris Congress, and gave it as his opinion that before the close of the session, action would be taken on the affairs of Italy. That England desires to interfere in the affairs of Italy, especially of the Papal government, there is not the slightest doubt; but that either France or Austria entertains the remotest idea of such interference, except so far as to restrain violence in the weaker states, is extremely improbable. A leading French journal thus speaks of the subject: "We have read the verbal note and fail to find terms energetic enough to express the sentiments inspired in us by the document, and by the publicity given to it. We perceive in it nothing more than a demand, as perfidious as unjust, addressed to an independent sovereign; and the sovereign thus menaced is not alone in the full enjoyment of the rights which constitute the independence of States, but he is at the same time the head of the Catholic Church. Even the note handed to the Divan by Prince Menschikoff did not approach in language that which the Sardinian government has thought proper to adopt in reference to the Holy See; and the concessions demanded of the Sultan by Russia were far from placing the head of Islamism in the position to which it is sought to reduce the head of the Catholic Church." And if we may judge from the following extract, translated from the *Austrian Gazette*, an official journal, it is not likely that Austria entertains any very serious intention of joining England, in her crusade for the melioration of the condition of the Italians: "Count de Cavour has reckoned without his host. He hoped to make the Italian question an apple of discord between Austria and France, and has found what he least expected—that the accord between those great powers is established precisely on that point in the closest and firmest manner. We learn from good authority that the courts of Vienna and the Tuilleries are in perfect harmony as to the attitude to be assumed in Italy. A superficial examination into the state of things in that country is sufficient to convince any impartial observer that no idea can be entertained of withdrawing the French and Austrian troops from the States of the Church, so long as the Mazzinists do not refrain from their revolutionary agitation in the Italian peninsula. The country, sapped by revolution, cannot be abandoned to its own strength in case fresh disturbances should have to be put down. The continuance of the military occupation of the Papal States remains, therefore, a measure, concerted between France and Austria, against which all the Sardinian memoirs will have no more effect than soap bubbles. It is not to be inferred from this that Austria would not advocate inevitable and indispensable reforms in the administration of the States of the Church. The two courts have, on the contrary, agreed to make urgent remonstrances to the Pope on the subject, but the repre-

sentations will not be couched in the violent language made use of by the London journals, when speaking of the abuses which exist in the Papal States, or in the passionate declamations adopted by Piedmont against Rome. They will be addressed in the form of friendly counsels, such as Catholic powers ought to give to the head of the Church, with all the consideration due to an independent sovereign. The point of view in which France and Austria have placed themselves on this occasion is very different from that which pre-occupies Count Cavour's *tutti quanti*. France and Austria wish to strengthen and to consolidate the Government of the Pope by salutary reforms, whilst Piedmont only advocates those which might serve as weapons to the revolutionary party against the Pope. In a word, Piedmont, which dreams of an aggrandisement of her own territory at the expense of other Italian princes, seeks to fish in troubled waters. Austria is hated because she is powerful, and she is intrigued against because she opposes the overthrow from which Piedmont calculates on deriving advantages; natural and successive ameliorations are not to the taste of those gentlemen. It causes painful surprise to hear the same complaints incessantly repeated that Austria is too strong and too preponderate; that the great powers should put an end to this state of things; and that they should give additional strength to Sardinia, in order to ward off a revolutionary explosion."—The Grand Duke of Tuscany was in Rome at latest dates; and it is stated that the Tuscan ministry are about to remove certain points of difference between Tuscany and the Holy See, and to bring the whole system of government into harmony with the views of the Papal Cabinet, in order to prepare the way for a new Concordat, on the basis of that lately concluded with Austria.

Advices from Rome announce that the Pope is about to create a new Austrian Cardinal, and to carry out his plan of national Cardinals, by giving the hat to an oriental prelate, who will reside at Rome. The object of the latter choice will be Mgr. Anthony Gazeno, Bishop of Heipollis, or Balbea. It is well known that one great object of His Holiness is to attempt once more to unite the Eastern and Western Churches, and nothing will prepare so readily for this, humanly speaking, than to have in the Sacred College and in the Councils of the Pope, prelates of the Oriental Churches; and nothing, speaking in the views of faith, will lead to it more effectually than the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, to which doubtless numberless graces are attached.—The Belgian Brothers of the Order of Mercy have been intrusted with the direction of the prison of Termini. Thus almost all the houses of Detention in Rome are now confided to the care of these good Religious brethren, whose inexhaustible charity is working wonders. The prisons for females are intrusted to the care of the Belgian Sisters of Providence.—On the first of May, according to custom, the Sovereign Pontiff assisted at the Mass of the Ascension, in the Basilica of St. John Lateran; and afterwards His Holiness ascended to the balcony of the Basilica, and there bestowed a solemn benediction on a multitude of the Faithful and the French and Pontifical troops.—Mgr. Cripino Agostinucci, Bishop of Montefeltro, died on the 5th of May, at his palace. The Right Rev. deceased was born at Urbino, on the 23d of October, 1797, and was elected Bishop in the Consistory of the 5th November, 1849.

SPAIN.—Accounts from Madrid state that the committee charged with the investigation of the conduct of the ex-Queen Christina, was about to make a report; it will leave to the Cortes to determine whether or not Her Majesty shall be impeached. Several Cabinet Councils have been lately held to decide what shall be done with regard to Mexico. It seems evident that war will be declared against that republic, if the indemnity claimed by Spain be not paid. The amount claimed by Spain as losses incurred by Spanish subjects during the struggle of Mexico for independence, is six millions. Mexico has called for a revision of these claims, urging that some of them are fraudulent. Spain refused this demand, and Mexico endeavored to enforce it by compelling the complainants to deposit their titles, with available security for the amounts already paid thereon, threatening to confiscate the property of the Spanish holders should they refuse to do so, and actually carrying on the threat in several cases. This is resented

by Spain, and a squadron has been sent to Vera Cruz to back its complaints.—Recent accounts state that a conspiracy has been detected, having for its object the assassination of the Queen.

FRANCE.—Nothing of special importance has transpired in the French Empire during the past month. It is stated the treaty entered into between England, France and Austria, has given some umbrage to the Emperor of Russia. Count Orloff recently had an audience with the Emperor Napoleon, to ask an explanation on the subject. The Emperor protested against any anti-Russian interpretation.—The prosperity of the Church of France continued unabated. As an evidence of this, we mention the annual ordination in the single diocese of Paris, which took place in the Church of St. Sulpice, the Archbishop officiating. The number of the ordained was greater than, and nearly double, that of any previous occasion since the Revolution. They were as follows: Priests, 56; Deacons, 45; Sub-deacons, 73; Minor orders and Tonsure, 135, being in all 309. The Archbishop of Paris has taken measures to introduce into his diocese the Roman Liturgy instead of the Parisian. This subject, so long desired, has at different times since 1849 occupied the deliberations of the Chapter of the Archdiocese, but many circumstances have occurred to prevent this happy consummation. It has now, however, at length received the desired solution, and the unity of the Liturgical rites will be carried out by an Ecclesiastical Commission.—The reported ill health of the Empress Eugenie, is contradicted. Her Majesty, according to the latest accounts, was in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits.—A great international exhibition of Agriculture has been opened at Paris.—An inundation of the Lotre took place lately, and caused an immense destruction of property.

ENGLAND.—The disagreement between the United States and England has assumed more than ordinary interest. The latter country has anticipated the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, though not yet informed of the fact. The *Times* seems to think that Mr. Dallas will be dismissed, but that this does not by any means imply a state of war, or even necessarily preludes that dire calamity. Peace may be maintained with America, though without any diplomatic representative. It presumes that with the Presidential election will close the warlike policy which pervades the Washington Cabinet, and closes by urging a temperate policy so as, if possible, to prevent a quarrel rather than to seek in establishing one. The recognition of Gen. Walker's government by the cabinet at Washington has considerably stirred up the English press. On this subject, the *Times* has the following remarks: "It is an alarming manifestation of the ideas which actuate the American government and leads to most disagreeable anticipations as to the possibility of an amicable solution of any dispute with men who seem to recognize no other law than their wishes and their passions; but it is no cause of war; it is not even necessarily a ground of diplomatic complaint. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty has not been in terms violated, and it may probably be expedient in the present critical state of the relations between the two countries, rather to pass the matter by in silence than to incur the risk of introducing fresh difficulties into a discussion already sufficiently perilous, or give an excuse to those who are even now only too ready to risk an occasion of quarrel. If war do come we must meet it as we may. Let us at any rate have the satisfaction of reflecting that this greatest of human calamities has not been precipitated by an undue sensitiveness, or any avoidable interference on our part." The proceedings in Parliament have been somewhat important. A motion was made, virtually to abolish the established Church in Ireland. This gave rise to a lengthy and animated discussion. The subject was finally disposed of by a vote against it of seventy of a majority. The Catholics of Ireland are, therefore, doomed to support the "Establishment" until another and more successful effort is made to relieve them from it. The question of the Danish sound dues is to be brought under the consideration of Parliament. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has given notice that he shall shortly move for the appointment of a committee to take the matter into consideration. Serious riots had taken place at Manchester, between certain clubs of laborers, which, it was feared, would result in the loss of life.

**IRELAND**.—The Tenant Right movement still progresses. Several large and enthusiastic meetings have lately been held in favor of the objects contemplated by the agitation. The pardon of Smith O'Brien has given general satisfaction; at latest dates, he had not returned to the country. It is rumored that he will be returned to Parliament at an early day, if he shall accept the honor. Thos. Hughes has been elected to Parliament from Longford without a contest. The Rt. Rev. D. McGettigan was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Raphol, on Trinity Sunday. The imposing ceremony took place in the Cathedral of Letterkenny, county Donegal; the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, primate of all Ireland, officiated on the occasion, assisted by several other distinguished prelates. The Jesuit Fathers closed a mission at Mullingar with great success. Twenty-four priests were occupied in the Confessionals during the whole time of the mission. The beautiful church attached to the Catholic University has been finished and dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. Among the many instances of charity and benevolence which continue to prove the zeal of the people in the cause of religion, the noble gifts of Sir Thomas Reddington and his mother, Mrs. Reddington, are worthy of notice. The former has made a grant of twenty acres of land, free of rent, to the Sisters of Mercy at Kilcoran; and the latter gave nearly £6,000 towards erecting the Convent. The Irish journals speak of emigration as again becoming active, especially among the laboring classes.

**RUSSIA**.—The Emperor, at latest dates, was enjoying the hospitality of the King of Prussia. The following appointments had been made: M. Budberg, Ambassador at Berlin, to Vienna, replaced at Berlin by Baron Brunow; Prince Dolgorouski, formerly Minister of War, Ambassador to Paris, and Count Chreplovitch, Ambassador to London.—The Central Committee of the Polish Democracy have published a protest against the terms in which the Czar granted an amnesty to Polish refugees. They assert that in taking up arms for their national independence in 1830, they fulfilled a duty, not any thing to be pardoned, and they could not now, without renouncing their country's claims, accept the title of pardoned rebels.—It is announced that Russia is about to commence a campaign against Caucasus.

**AUSTRIA**.—The political aspect of Austria remains unchanged. The Concordat lately concluded between Austria and the Holy See, continues to gain favor throughout the Empire. A new church is to be erected in Vienna, to commemorate the event. It is to be called the Church of S. Saviour. The foundation stone has been brought from the valley of Jehoshaphat, in the Holy Land, and bears an inscription in Gothic Latin, to this effect: "This stone was broken where the heart of Christ broke." Medals in gold, silver, and bronze, have been made in commemoration of the laying of the foundation stone, and a handsome sum is expected to be realized from their sale. It is to be appropriated to the erection of the church, which is to be of the purest Gothic architecture, from designs by Herr Teudl, an Austrian architect of celebrity.

**CANADA**.—*Diocese of Harbor Grace*.—On the 25th of May the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dalton was consecrated Bishop of this new diocese. The consecration took place in the Cathedral of St. John's. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Mulock officiated, assisted by the Very Rev. Deans Mackin and Dalton, as *quasi Episcopi*.

*Diocese of Arichat*.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of this diocese, who had long suffered under a severe affection of the eyes, we are happy to learn, has completely recovered, under the care of Dr. Howard, of Montreal.

*Diocese of New London, C. W.*—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of this new diocese has issued his first pastoral letter. He announces his decree making choice of the Ever Blessed Virgin Mary, in the miraculous privilege of her Immaculate Conception, first patron of the Diocese, and St. Patrick as second; also of St. Peter as first Titulary of his Cathedral, and of St. Lawrence as the second.

*Diocese of Hamilton, C. W.*—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Farrell, of this diocese, has also issued his first pastoral. The diocese is placed under the patronage of the ever glorious and Blessed Virgin, in the mystery of the Annunciation.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

1. ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE—*The Dedication of St. John's Church.*—This beautiful church, which was commenced little more than a year ago, was solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God, on Sunday, the 15th inst., under the patronage of St. John the Evangelist. The Very Rev. Mr. Coskery performed the ceremony of dedication and celebrated High Mass, assisted by the Revs. Messrs. McColgan and Hinchy; several other clergymen were present on the occasion. The Rev. Mr. Hewitt, of St. Alphonsus Church, preached the dedicatory sermon, an eloquent and impressive discourse.

This church, built as it has been chiefly by the offerings of the poor, is an honor to the Catholics of St. John's congregation, and is a monument worthy of the zeal and energy of their beloved pastor, the Rev. Father McManus. To provide a place of worship suitable for his numerous flock, has been the great object of his ambition since he came among them. On the 15th inst. he had the satisfaction of witnessing the realization of his most ardent wishes. On that occasion, as we beheld him for the first time kneeling before that beautiful altar, the great ornament of the edifice, we heard him in imagination raising his voice to the throne of Omnipotence, and saying from the inmost recesses of his soul:

"Oh! thou Omniscent—Omnipresent God!  
Whom angels worship, and whom men revere;  
This sacred pile we consecrate to thee,  
Oh Lord of hosts—thy humble suppliants hear.

If sinners bow the penitent knee  
And low in dust thy sovereign power adore;  
May listening angels waft the atoning prayer,  
And breathe responsive, 'go and sin no more.'

If seared in soul, despairing spirits come,  
By earth forsaken and by friends betrayed;  
If from these walls their plaintive cries ascend,  
Hear thou in heaven and grant them present aid.

If deep affliction emanate from thee,  
And budding hopes are prostrate in the dust;  
If near the shrine the stricken mourner bow,  
And own in tears thy chastening hand was just,

Then hear thou Father from thy throne on high,  
Breathe resignation to the broken heart;  
And for his sake who bled on Calvary's Mount,  
The balm of Gilead to their wounds impart.

Father of light, our supplications hear!  
Thou covenant God! thy promises we claim!  
We plead no merit, yet we fearless come,  
And ask redemption through a Saviour's name!

Long shall the cross, symbolic of our creed,  
Majestic stand this sacred place above;  
A beacon light! the pious Christian's guide,  
Undying emblem of a Saviour's love.

And he, thy delegate to erring man,  
 Who daily bows before this holy shrine,  
 Endow him, Father, with persuasive power,  
 With pathos deep, and eloquence divine!

To bring conviction to the retrograde,  
 Convince the doubtful, the desponding cheer:  
 And let his life of purity attest  
 'Tis theory reduced to practice here."

May he long live to enjoy the fruits of the fatigues and labors he endured in the erection of the noble edifice.

**Religious Reception.**—On the morning of the 11th, at the Convent of the Visitation, Mount de Sales, near Baltimore, Sister Mary de Chantal Dunlevy made her solemn profession of the three religious vows, in the rank of Choir Sister.

**Confirmation.**—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered Confirmation recently in the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception, Convent of the Visitation, Washington, to twenty-seven persons, seven of whom were converts.

At the request of our Most Rev. Archbishop, collections were taken up in the several Catholic churches of this city, on the 8th inst., for the sufferers of the Cape Verde Islands. The sum collected amounted to \$757 37.

2. **ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—A very handsome and substantially built church was recently dedicated at Urbana to the service of Almighty God, under the patronage of Mary the Immaculate. The Most Rev. Archbishop preached on the occasion, and confirmed thirty persons.—The Right Rev. Bishop Baraga was lately in Cincinnati, and preached in favor of his destitute Indian Mission.

3. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.**—The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, on the 12th inst., delivered a lecture at the Academy of Music, in the city of New York, on the "Life and Services of Daniel O'Connell." Of this grateful tribute to the memory of Ireland's greatest son, we will not speak at present. The illustrious Archbishop concludes his lecture in these words: "Such, but very poorly presented, was Mr. Daniel O'Connell. I do not say that he had not his faults. I do not say that he was infallible, either as a politician or as a statesman; but I do say, that 'take him for all in all,' Ireland never produced his equal before, and, I fear, never will again. And I say further that, be they few in number or be they many, I, at least shall ever claim to be one of those who cherish a profound respect, under every point of view, for the illustrious memory of the great "Liberator of Ireland."

4. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS.**—From the *Lafourche Union*, we learn that the Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc, on Sunday, the 1st of June, administered Confirmation to one hundred and thirty-one persons, in St. Joseph's Church, Abbe Menard, Pastor. The sermon of the Archbishop, delivered in French, was characterized by the usual fervor and eloquence of this beloved Prelate of the Catholic Church. He exhorted the congregation to continue in the holy practice of faith and virtue, and gave encouraging words to those who were about to be confirmed, that they might be fortified by the sacrament which he was about to administer and faithfully contend against sin and error. When the ceremonies of confirmation were concluded, the St. Mary and St. Joseph's societies formed in procession and marched to the residence of the pastor, where the Archbishop addressed a few words to them, inculcating the principles of our faith, encouraging them in their noble object—the sanctification of members, and the necessity of union. On the feast of Pentecost, the Archbishop confirmed 509 persons at the Cathedral at New Orleans, of whom several were converts. On the feast of Corpus Christi, the same Most Rev. Prelate received the final vows of three ladies of the Sacred Heart Convent, and gave the habit to two postulants.

5. **DIOCESE OF CHICAGO.**—We regret to learn that the Cathedral at Chicago was recently entered by some miscreant, and robbed of the sacred vessels. The sacred elements were strewn upon the floor of the sanctuary.

6. **DIOCESE OF DETROIT.**—The corner-stone of a new church, under the patronage of St. John, was laid at Jackson, on the 15th inst. The Rt. Rev. Bishop officiated at the solemnity.

7. **DIOCESE OF LOUISVILLE.**—From the *Catholic Telegraph* we learn that the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville on his visitation to the church of St. Stephen, at Owensborough, delivered a lecture on the evening of the 24th of May to a large audience, composed in great part of Protestants, on the current charges against the Catholic Church, especially those affecting the loyalty of Catholics to our free government. Next day after having administered Confirmation in the church he opened a new subscription for completing the interior of the edifice and paying the debt already contracted. The amount subscribed on the spot was about \$700; and there is every reason to believe that the balance required will be promptly contributed through the zealous exertions of the Pastor, Rev. E. O'Callaghan.

On the 27th the Bishop administered the sacrament of Confirmation in the church of St. Alphonsus, Davies county, beyond Panther Creek. This church is not yet plastered, but the people promptly subscribed considerably more than the Bishop asked as requisite for completing the building. Forty-two were here confirmed, and the Bishop preached an encouraging sermon to the Catholics. The Catholic settlement on Panther Creek is fast increasing; there are already two churches where but a few years ago there was scarcely a Catholic family, and the Rev. Mr. Boale has been appointed Pastor of the district. This colony was founded by the Haydens, descendants of the first Catholic settlers in Kentucky, and it is already in a highly flourishing condition. The Bishop was much edified with the primitive fervor and piety of the people. On the 21st of May the same Right Rev. Prelate visited the church of St. Colomba, Hancock county, and confirmed eleven persons. He subsequently visited the church of St. Laurence, Davies county, and confirmed forty persons.

8. **DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.**—A solemn requiem for the lamented Bishop O'Reilly, who was on board the lost steamship Pacific, was celebrated at Providence on Tuesday last, all the Bishops of the province being in attendance, to testify by their presence their respect for the memory of the deceased. The Archbishop of New York preached a touching and eloquent sermon on the occasion. Subsequently, a meeting of the Bishops of the province of New York was convened, in that city, for the purpose of nominating a successor to the lamented Bishop.

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**OBITUARY.**—Died, on the 20th instant, at Loyola College, the Rev. *George King, S. J.*, in the 61st year of his age.

The Rev. Father, whose departure we notice, had been for several years Treasurer of Georgetown College, D. C., until the wants of the missions determined his superiors to send him to the Eastern Shore of our State. In the various missions both in that part of the State and in the adjoining counties of Delaware he labored as an active and zealous missionary for nearly twenty years. Weakened by his toils in the Apostleship, he was entrusted with the care of the house and missions of Newtown, in St. Mary's county, where with more assistance he would not be exposed to so much fatigue as in the lonely and scattered missions of the Eastern Shore. But his Master was satisfied with his labors for the advancement of his glory, and after a few months in his new charge he has been called, we trust, to the reward of eternal bliss. He departed this life, fortified by all the rites of our holy religion, and sustained in the moment of departure by the presence and prayers of his Religious brethren. The Society of Jesus, to which he belonged, has lost in him a strenuous and diligent laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. R. I. P.

## SECULAR AFFAIRS.

1. *Nominations.*—The first and perhaps the most important of the events that have taken place at home during the last month, are the nominations of candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States. The various political parties have their candidates now fairly in the field. The American or Know-Nothing party met in convention in Philadelphia and nominated Millard Fillmore, of New York, for President, and Andrew Jackson Donelson, of Tennessee, for Vice-President. The Democratic National Convention met at Cincinnati, and nominated James Buchanan, of Pa., for President, and John C. Breckinridge, of Ky., for Vice-President. The seceders from the American Convention that nominated Mr. Fillmore, met in New York, and nominated Mr. Banks, of Mass., for President, and ex-Gov. Johnson, of Pa., for Vice-President. The seceders from the American party, have nominated Commodore Stockton, of N. J., for President, and Kenneth Rayner, of N. C., for Vice-President. And lastly, the Republican party met in convention at Philadelphia and nominated Col. John C. Fremont, of California, for President, and Wm. L. Dayton, of N. J., for Vice-President. The platform of the American party, while it retains all its hostility to foreigners, has been modified somewhat in its opposition to Catholics. The Democratic platform, adopted at the Cincinnati Convention, thus speaks on the subject of toleration:

“*Resolved*, That the foundation of this union of States having been laid in, and its prosperity and pre-eminent example in Free Government built upon, entire freedom in matters of religious concernment, and no respect of person in regard to rank or place of birth; no party can justly be deemed national, constitutional, or in accordance with American principles, which bases its exclusive organization upon religious opinions and accidental birth-place. And hence a political crusade in the nineteenth century, and in the United States of America, against Catholics, and foreign-born, is neither justified by the past history or the future prospects of the country, nor in unison with the spirit of toleration and enlarged freedom which peculiarly distinguishes the American system of popular government.”

The platform of the Republican party, which nominated Col. Fremont, is mainly distinguished by its opposition to slavery. What may be its views in reference to foreigners and Catholics, is difficult to determine; the concluding resolution is the only one that makes any allusion to the subject, and runs in the following words:

“*Resolved*, That we invite the affiliation and coöperation of the men of all parties—however differing from us in other respects—in support of the principles herein declared, and believing that the spirit of our institutions, as well as the constitution of our country, guarantees liberty of conscience and equality of rights among citizens—we oppose all legislation implicating their security.”

It does not appear that the seceders have any platform particularly different from the Republican party; opposition to certain nominations seems to have been the cause of their separation.

2. *Dismissal of the British Minister and Consuls.*—Mr. Crampton, the British Minister at Washington, was officially notified, on the evening of the 28th of May, of the discontinuance of all intercourse with him as the representative of Her Britannic Majesty's government, and his passport put in his possession. The following is a copy of the letter informing him of his dismissal:

“DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, May 28, 1856.

“*Sir*:—The President of the United States has directed me to announce to you his determination to discontinue further intercourse with you as Her Majesty's diplomatic representative to the Government of the United States. The reasons which have compelled him to take this step at this time, have been communicated to your Government. I avail myself of this occasion to add, that due attention will be cheerfully given to any communications addressed to this department from Her Majesty's Government affecting the relations between Great Britain and the United States which may be forwarded to this Government through any other channel. Should it be your pleasure to retire from the United States, the President directs me to furnish you with the usual facilities for that purpose. I consequently enclose the passport in such cases. I avail myself of this opportunity to renew to you, sir, the assurance of my respectful consideration.

WILLIAM L. MARCY.

“John F. Crampton, Esq., &c., &c., &c.”